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A GOOD BEGINNING

PATIENCE and methodical preparation have had their reward; one foot-hold, at least, on the western shores of Hitler's Europe has been effected at a cost much lower than most people expected, and feared. Not merely were the enemy's beach and under-water defences less difficult to overcome than was apprehended, but in the timing of the massive aerial and naval bombardment of the coast the lessons of the Cassino failure had been learnt. Preceded by airborne landings, the first wave of the assault force disembarked before the German coastal troops had time to recover from the impact of the thousands of tons of bombs and shells which reduced the power of the shore batteries and blasted the enemy's advanced strong-points. Considering the hazards of the sea-passage and of the initial landing, a bridge-head has been secured with astonishingly few losses either of men or ships.

It should not be supposed that the Allies have burst through, thus cheaply, even this particular segment of the West Wall. The German defence is known to be a system in great depth; and, even if the expansion of the bridge-head goes as well as the first assault, there will obviously come a critical period when the enemy has had time to mount a counter-attack in force. He has a long coast to defend, and the direction of the Allies' main effort may for some time remain obscure, so that he cannot afford premature counter-attacks; but we may be sure that he has some local reserves at least to deal with each threatened sector, and on these Field-Marshal Rommel will doubtless call. For General Montgomery, building up his bridge-head forces, and for his old adversary concentrating such mobile reserves as he dare commit to a counter-attack, it is a race against time. Each day resistance will stiffen as more German troops are poured into the battle, but the real test will only come when Rommel has set in motion his main mobile reserves.

Whatever showing be made by the enemy's coast-defence troops, there can be little doubt that the German field divisions in France will fight with stubborn courage. The Allies, however, have two great assets. They have enormous (and, so far, unchallenged) superiority in the air; and, though the ordinary soldier might be inclined to disclaim the title crusader bestowed on him by the Supreme Commander, all ranks must be heartened, as they deploy for battle, by the knowledge that, on the eve of their great venture, other Allied forces have won a decisive victory in Italy over German armies whose circumstances at the outset of the battle were not greatly dissimilar from those of the defenders of the West Wall.

Like Rommel in the north of France, Kesselring, south of Rome, held prepared positions of great strength; but his front was long; he had always to be looking over his shoulder for fresh Allied landings; he had behind him a hostile population; he had overwhelming air superiority against him, and he had little or no hope of obtaining reinforcements from any other theatre if his own resources proved insufficient. Furthermore, he had no room to practise tactics of "elastic defence" unless he were prepared to abandon Rome. (That course, we can assume, was excluded by reason of the blow which its adoption would have involved to Hitler's prestige, and the risk of stimulating in occupied Italy insurrection by patriots to whom General Alexander had at last been vigorously appealing.) So Kesselring clung on tenaciously, committing more and more of his local resources in one contested position after another until, finally, his troops exhausted and his lines of supply devastated by air attacks, the front cracked and split. Sweeping over and round the Alban Hills, American and French troops poured across the Campagna into Rome and beyond. While two or three battered German divisions were pressed north-westwards along the coast, the bulk of the routed 10th and 14th German armies had to face a long and difficult retreat northwards through the Apennines, with Allied armour and infantry moving menacingly up the valley of the Tiber beyond their flank.

Between Rome and Paris the analogy is not exact. Rommel has larger forces and more room for manœuvre in France than Kesselring had in Italy, and he has ampler lines of supply. On the other hand, Montgomery can summon air support on a scale incomparably more crushing than could Alexander; French patriots may be a formidable problem for German garrisons in the interior; the Allies in the West have much more shipping and hence greater scope for landings than they had in the Mediterranean; and—biggest factor of all—the enemy's ability to find adequate reserves for prolonged battles in Western Europe is likely to be finally destroyed by the resumption of Russian offensives—starting, this summer, from points within measurable striking distance of the inner Reich itself. Hitler's resources are not yet exhausted: his armies—say, 200 divisions in the East, 100 divisions, or more, in the West and South—are still in the field. But he has now to face what he swore he would never incur—a full-scale Two Front War. Too many Germans know what that means for Germany twenty-six years ago.

The Capture of Rome

Inevitably Rome has been outcandled by Caen. Indeed, from a military point of view, the fall of Rome has no more importance than that of any other Italian town. But, symbolically, the capture of one of the capitals of European fascism is of great significance. There are of course special reasons for its freedom from destruction. It would have been bad politics for either side to have damaged the Vatican, and, since strategically Rome was no more than a trap, the Germans had no incentive to stand and fight there. If the people and towns north of Rome are also to be saved from the worst horrors of war, General Alexander must succeed in outmanoevring the retreating enemy as he did in Tunisia. Rome itself sets the Allies difficult administrative problems. The immediate question of food supplies and of restoring essential services rightly falls on the shoulders of Amgot. In accordance with his contract, the King has retired, making place for Umberto. We do not yet know who will be the members of the new Government which Badoglio has been asked to form.

Hope for Yugoslavia

Marshal Tito has narrowly escaped capture by Nazi paratroops who made a surprise landing in a remote grotto which was his G.H.Q. in Bosnia. The tactics now adopted by the Germans of swooping down in concentrated attacks emphasises the need of greater air support and military supplies to our Yugoslav Allies. Since Mr. Churchill promised full support, the prospects of a political settlement have greatly increased by the appointment of Dr. Subasic as Premier. He has the confidence of the British and American Governments which used considerable pressure on the King to choose him against all the opposition and intrigue of the old clique in London and Cairo; Moscow favours him, and he has the added distinction of being the only statesman whom Tito has never criticised. The émigré Yugoslav Government has at long last been liquidated, and Dr. Subasic intelligently used his powers to make a complete overhaul of the various Ministries before starting negotiations for a new government. He might even have told them that the test of their patriotism was their readiness to exchange their generous pensions in London and Cairo for a distinguished, if dangerous, job in Yugoslavia. His choice of Ministers will not be made until he has met Marshal Tito's representative in Bari. He openly supported the National Liberation movement in 1942 and has consistently maintained that it is this movement which represents the support and wishes of the people of Yugoslavia. But the King and his entourage still have a lingering hope that Mihailovich can be introduced into the picture, although Dr. Subasic made his dismissal a condition of accepting his new office. However, now that Mr. Churchill's support for Tito has overridden the Foreign Office friends of Mihailovich and now that the State Department seems to have followed the British lead, those who back the dead past of Yugoslavia are unlikely to put any effective spoke into the wheels for the coming talks.

The German Opposition

Of all the facts which can be reduced to percentages, the most useful at this moment would be a Gallup poll showing the political opinions of the German population. Failing such a revelation, we have found some valuable, if simple, figures which the International Transport Workers' Federation has just disclosed. While we are inclined to treat with reserve all reports from within Germany, this has proved in the past a reliable source. A trade unionist who speaks German fluently returned in April from a two-years' stay in Berlin as a foreign worker, which he undertook in order to study German conditions. He reports that in a factory where he was employed, the forty German workers included two Nazis, two Communists and three Social-Democrats. The other German workers were all opposed to the Nazi regime, but "did not want to hear of the old parties." This may be rather too small a sample to permit of confident conclusions: it tells us nothing about middle-class opinion, and it comes from Berlin, which was always a stronghold of the Left. None the less, taking other reports into account with it, we feel little hesitation in accepting the conclusion that real Nazi followers among the working-class have sunk to a negligible fraction. The report went on to say that the workers now express their opinions frankly and are inclined to sabotage and ca'canny, but would not yet risk a strike. In many plants the German workers have established close contacts with the foreign workers, especially the French. The younger workers are on the whole disinclined to follow the lead of the older parties, which they regard as "sterile." They are forming their own oppositional circles underground. Revolt will be possible only after Hitler has suffered "complete military defeat."

The older workers, whatever the young may think of the parties that collapsed in 1933, may still have a part to play. Many of them are now in the army, chiefly in the reserve formations which do garrison duty in the Reich. They have not forgotten what happened in 1918, first in the navy and then in the army. Reports which have come independently from four German districts tell the same tale. Clandestine Soldiers' Councils are said to have formed in these reserve battalions. They have even begun to act. They started quietly by protesting with success against the cancelling of warm meals; this was how the revolt in the Fleet started in 1918. The reports make it clear that these Soldiers' Councils have a political aim, as have those which were formed a good deal earlier in Norway.

Such evidence about the state of mind of the German masses reinforces our belief that the political arm might play a greater part in shortening this war. From this standpoint the effect of Mr. Churchill's recent speech will be unfortunate.

"Fair Trading"

At the end of the last war there was great activity in a large number of trades which had been affected by wartime control in forming trading associations and alliances of various kinds with the object of "organising the trade for the enforcement of a code of fair practice." This, in fact, usually meant forming a close ring or association effectively to prevent price-cutting. The favourite method was for producers and distributors to get together and to fix agreed margins at each stage from the factory to the retail shop at levels designed to yield what was regarded as a fair living to each group of producers or dealers.

Now, as a result of the present forms of control, a number of trades are at it again. Among the latest is the attempt to form a Hardware Trade Alliance, bringing together all the existing trade associations of producers and dealers in domestic appliances, builders' ironmongery, agricultural and garden tools, and so on. The aims of this body, which is designed to link together a number of existing trade associations, include support for manufacturers' price maintenance schemes and the establishment of a basis of trading margins, and it looks very much as if one of its unstated objects is to squeeze out manufacturers and dealers who do not comply with its terms.

In view of the enormous room that there is for lowering the price of domestic utensils by means of scientifically organised production, this is obviously a dangerous move, and it would be particularly dangerous if the alliance were able to exclude dealing in these articles by multiple stores and establishments such as Woolworths or Marks and Spencers. If a firm can produce a reasonably good lawn mower at a much lower price than the ring finds convenient, it is very much against the public interest that any such firm should be prevented from doing so or should be compelled to impose wholesale or retail margins at a higher level than it deems necessary to cover reasonable costs. The promoters of the proposed alliance will doubtless contend that they are not aiming at any of these sinister practices; but the whole tone of the documents which have been issued in connection with the proposal suggests that the move will need careful watching, and that there is an urgent necessity for some consumers' protection association under public auspices, empowered to disallow any monopoly practices that may be introduced under the name of "fair trading."

Savings—The Pretence and the Reality

Sir John Anderson, in his speech at Leeds, defended "Salute the Soldier" weeks and similar efforts of the National Savings Movement, and went out of his way to uphold the inflation of the sums subscribed by the inclusion of big contributions from banks, building societies, insurance companies and other great financial institutions. He said that the investments made by insurance companies, building societies and friendly societies represented the savings of the individual policy holders, investors and depositors in these undertakings, and, hedging a little, that *some* of the money lent by banks represented the accumulated savings of their clients. This is evading the point. No one denies that these institutions' investments partly represent real savings. But the State could get the use of these savings just as easily without any of the paraphernalia of "Savings Weeks." The only legitimate purpose of Savings Campaigns is to induce private citizens to invest money which they would otherwise have spent on current consumption. Such spending, in view of the scarcity of consumers' goods, could only inflate prices unless of course the Government were induced by it to divert more resources from the war effort in order to meet the demand. Efforts to get individuals to save as much as possible are therefore fully justified; but is it really necessary, in order to achieve this, to have all the fake business of vast sums, which would have been lent anyway, being ostentatiously put up at special "Salute the Soldier" Weeks? If the Government is doing its duty, it is impossible for such weeks to result in the production of a single extra tank or plane. Would it not be just as effective, and much more honest, to tell people straight out that they are asked to save in order to prevent a run on scarce consumers' goods, and to confine the Weeks strictly to individual contributions, which would mean something, whereas the millions subscribed by banks and other financial agencies really mean nothing at all?

PARLIAMENT: D-Day Moods

Wednesday, noon

Tuesday morning's great news was as sobering as exhilarating to most Members. None indulged in mafficking; few stood up when the Prime Minister came in; the cheers were deep, solemn and laden with emotion. By the evening, however, this volatile House had perked up. Mander had the good or ill fortune to have booked the Adjournment half-hour, some time before, for a discussion of a flag for the United Nations. The House was crowded with Members waiting to hear the Prime Minister's second statement, and Mander had to speak against a continuous barrage of ironical applause and noisy jocosity. True, some of Mander's suggestions were hardly calculated to avert ridicule: he wanted a new flash on the uniform of every United Nations soldier—the flash to consist of the ancient Athenian symbols of the owl and the olive-branch, or of an emblem from the Bayeux tapestries. Then the Prime Minister reappeared; order was restored; and Members adjourned happily with the Churchillian "*all in good heart and all in good friendship*" ringing in their ears.

On so momentous a day Colonial Affairs (which never draw a full House) were especially disadvantaged. Oliver Stanley gave a fluent survey, Creech-Jones's commentary on which was long, comprehensive and useful. Bill Astor made an interesting and indeed eloquent speech on Malaya and on Hong-Kong ("a thriving, industrious city which British security had turned from a barren rock into a great port"): under the Atlantic Charter, he said, China would not be able to lay claim to this "undoubtedly British" terrritory. Wakefield, to illustrate how different "the native mind" is from ours, told this anecdote:—

> A certain firm in this country, in order to sell its product, bicycles, prepared posters showing a native on a bicycle being chased by a leopard, with the appropriate wording to indicate that if you had a bicycle you could escape from a leopard which was chasing you. But the native . . . took the poster to mean that if you bought a bicycle you were certain to be chased by a leopard.

A great to-do flared up when Beverley Baxter asked a question about the book *Your M.P.*, which has clearly got well under the thick Tory skin, no doubt because it is, as the people say, "too true." Bracken himself, though refusing to ban its export, made a most violent attack on it and ventured to criticise its publisher for not using his paper supply for books more palatable to Tories. Words like "venomous" and "muck-raking" were flung around—until Silverman, on a point of order, naughtily asked if it was proper to describe the study of the records of honourable Members as "muck-raking."

On the previous day, Silverman was involved in the following curious controversy with Mr. Speaker. Grigg had assured Acland that there had been "no political tests" of officers appointed to AMGOT.

Mr. Silverman: Are we to take it from the answer that the question of pro-Fascist or pro-Nazi sympathies is a matter in which the War Office would not be interested?

Mr. Speaker: That is a hypothetical case.

Mr. Silverman: On a point of Order. The right hon. Gentleman did say in his original answer that political tests were not matters with which the War Office should deal.

Mr. Speaker: The hon. Member asked a particular question.

Mr. Silverman: On a point of Order. It will not have escaped your attention, Sir, that the particular political test referred to in my supplementary question is contained in the original question on the Order paper.

Mr. Speaker: That does not affect the matter very much.

Mr. Silverman: It does not make my question hypothetical.

It was also at question-time that a doctor shouted "Rubbish!" at another doctor for saying that certain oils used in printing ink had "cancer-carrying qualities"; that Noel-Baker secured universal assent to his statement that "few people now travel for fun"; and that Grigg remarked, of bad Indian cigarettes, that the Indians could do what they liked with them.

PONTIFEX MINOR

OUR DEALINGS WITH FRANCE

WITH the opening of the great Continental offensive, one particularly disturbing question haunts all our minds. After what happened in the dark days of 1940 our relations with the French people could not at the best have been easy or simple. But need they be as perplexed and unhappy as they have in fact become? It is the nearly unanimous view of British public opinion that the National Committee of Liberation over which General de Gaulle presides should have been recognised long ago as the Provisional Government of France. It has evolved in Algiers a democratic system of control and all the evidence goes to show that it is accepted by all the forces of resistance in France as the one focus of leadership to which they give their allegiance with unanimity and enthusiasm. It has, moreover, worked out with integrity and good sense the plan which it will follow, after the liberation of its homeland, so as to establish the new Republic firmly on universal suffrage. It would be an insult to compare its standing with the shabby record and dubious credentials of several governments of Eastern Europe to which we have given our unhesitating recognition. The Soviet Government gave its recognition long ago. Does anything hinder us, save a reluctance to act independently of Washington? In its turn, what has Washington to urge against this act of courtesy save the fact that President Roosevelt is said to have taken a rather violent dislike to General de Gaulle? No doubt there are other, unstated reasons, and we all have our reservations about General de Gaulle and some of his advisers. But can any reason weigh with the advantages of impressing upon the mass of Frenchmen that we value them as powerful Allies and depend upon their help?

It is not difficult to understand that after the humiliations of these years of defeat, collapse and occupation, Frenchmen must be feeling more than normally sensitive. They had to listen to the rather brutal prediction of General Smuts that they will never again recover their old standing in Europe or their dignity as a Great Power. Accordingly, we ignore them in our planning for the future organisation of civilisation. All this must wound their self-respect in ways that linger in a nation's memory. But as the curtain rises on the First Act in the drama of liberation in Western Europe, there are practical matters also of the greatest urgency to which we must call attention.

General Eisenhower, we conclude from official American statements, will be free to use his own judgment in choosing, as he goes along, the Frenchmen whom he will recognise in each district as the civil authorities. That may lead to intolerable confusion and ill-feeling. In the actual zone of combat the military authority is necessarily in charge. Behind the front lines it should be understood automatically and without question that the civil administration will be organised by the representatives of the Algiers Committee. To adopt any other rule of conduct would be to plunge into a morass of intrigue. There will be no lack of specious persons who will court the American Command—gentlemen of the type of the late Admiral Darlan and M. Peyrouton, who retain all their quasi-Fascism and their hostility to the French masses, though they had the wit to realise some time ago that the Nazis are doomed to defeat. Some of these people, General Nogués, for example, once held high rank under the Republic they betrayed. We are informed too, from reliable sources, of many traps which Vichy and the Nazis are laying for us and for the French, of a fifth column worming its way into the underground movement of resistance and even a spurious "Supreme Council of Resistance" which tries to distract it for the enemy's own ends. In this moral and political minefield, strewn with such ugly booby-traps as these, it would be rash folly for foreign soldiers to meddle. They might cause a tension that would end in civil war. In this sultry political climate there is only one safe rule to follow—to recognise the Algiers Committee as the thing it has, with proper pride, declared itself to be, the Provisional Government of France.

It would be well if this matter of recognition were the only issue that divided us. Unhappily there is much more. As formerly in Italy, so now in France, it seems that we desire to fix a rate of exchange that the liberated people regard as far too unfavourable to them. We talk of 300 francs to the £, while the French demand the rate of 200 which they obtained in North Africa. The effects of an enforced exchange depreciation are to increase scarcity and raise prices. Finally, there is the problem of the damage done to France by British and American bombing. It takes on a new aspect when preliminary bombing gives way to the necessities of actual invasion. In the preparatory period there is unfortunately no doubt that our bombing of railway centres has incidentally taken a terrible toll of French life, and destroyed towns and buildings that France and civilisation as a whole regard as irreplaceable. The French Cardinals clearly represent a large body of public feeling in the joint remonstrance they have published on the subject. Without giving figures—Vichy named 3,000 killed and 4,000 injured in a single week-end—they spoke of heavy loss of innocent life, and begged us "to use greater care." Further, the technicians of the Resistance say they can destroy a number of defined objectives with greater certainty than any air attack if we furnish them with arms. There have been recently unpleasant, and even menacing, reports in neutral newspapers about the effects on the French mind of what is regarded as our failure to use adequate care and to recognise the military importance of the Resistance Movement. Now that a great Allied army has landed on the French coast, what Mr. Churchill well describes as the "hot rake of war" necessarily threatens even greater destruction to French civilian life. In these vast operations care is even more necessary and far more difficult.

The remedy is to collaborate so fully with the Provisional Government and with our allies inside France that Frenchmen are never allowed to feel that we are alien invaders. They must be assured that our actions are necessities of war, accepted as such by General de Gaulle, who should himself be working in close collaboration with the British and American Commands. The failure to achieve this harmony between the Allies and the acknowledged head of French resistance has already been in many ways disastrous. Nor does the fact that General de Gaulle did consent to broadcast on Tuesday go far to reassure us. While General Eisenhower's broadcast of instructions to the Resistance Movement in Europe made no reference to de Gaulle or to the French Provisional Government, General de Gaulle himself significantly emphasised that it was the duty of French patriots to obey "the orders given by the French Government and the French National and local leaders appointed by it, and entitled to give orders in its name." Here is a fissure which must be bridged, even if the price is one which Mr. Roosevelt is unwilling to pay.

THE SPEAKER'S CONFERENCE

A SPEAKER'S Conference drawn from all parties in both Houses did once make a striking advance in principle in our system of representation. The Conference which sat during the last war gave the vote to women. This time, on reading over its Report, it is difficult to recollect that Englishmen ever did attempt to base the institutions of democracy on principles at all. Historians assure us, none the less, that in the spacious days that ranged from Burke to John Stuart Mill Englishmen did debate the theory as well as the day-to-day practice of representation with keen intellectual interest. In our day these discussions had not wholly ceased: indeed, the novel idea of functional representation, which the Russians embodied in their soviets, served to revive them. But at this conference what evidently happened was that the "machines" of the two dominant parties reached a fairly complete agreement to adjust their respective party interests. The Tory majority made some slight concessions to Labour, but the outstanding event of the Conference was that they united to vote down any proposal to reform our haphazard method of election, either by the adoption of Proportional Representation or by the simple compromise of the alternative vote in single-member constituencies. Each has gained in votes and prestige by the decomposition of the Liberal Party; neither will consider any change which might have the effect of reviving it or arresting its decay; while Labour is equally concerned, in the interests of its monopoly, to check the growth of such independent groups as Common Wealth and the Communists.

None of the positive proposals of the Conference ranks in importance with its negative decisions. It will be a gain, however, that the decidedly more democratic parliamentyry franchise should replace the old municipal qualification. For the awkward question of equalising the size of constituencies, which has vexed our politics ever since the Rump Parliament tried to solve it after the Civil War, the Conference has found what was perhaps the best solution attainable in the present conditions of confusion. But the typical reform which has emerged from the Conference is its tinkering with the two surviving forms of plural voting. Up to a point it seems to recognise the Benthamite principle that "each shall count as one and no one as more than one." It means as far as it can to equalise the weight of votes as between the over-populated and the under-populated constituencies. But it will maintain the University vote, which in fact reinforces property, under the specious plea of favouring intelligence. It clings with slightly less tenacity to the much cruder make-weight in favour of property, the additional vote which the occupation of business premises

confers. Here, however, it has made a slight concession to democracy: the occupation of an office or shop will henceforward give a plural vote only to one member of a married couple and not to both. All told, these plural votes under the two categories may number as many as five millions among the 31 million registered electors. It looks as if the Labour delegates must have accepted this very meagre concession as a satisfactory instalment of justice. A resolution which proposed that "no person at any election shall vote more than once" was lost, it is said, by 25 to 6. This is not a satisfactory formula since it would leave the University seats intact, but it would have abolished the insult of the plural vote. It is a puzzling deduction that most of the Labour members must have voted with the Tories against it.

The Conference has missed an opportunity of increasing confidence in Parliament. Inevitably the House of Commons loses ground during these abnormal years of war. In the younger generation on whom the strain of defending democracy has fallen, there are multitudes of young men and women who have never seen the normal working of the ballot box and the Commons. The House has suffered severely in prestige by the rough treatment Mr. Churchill gave it when he forced it to reverse its vote on equal pay. This incident, with the deadening effect of the coupon at by-elections, has lowered the standing of the House and sapped the belief of many, especially among the younger generation, in the representative principle. That the wrong of the plural vote should be reaffirmed will confirm it in its indifference and cynicism. The two party machines may each gain something by the retention of our rough and ready electoral system. The plan of declaring the candidate elected who tops the poll results, as we all know, as often as not in frustrating the manifest tendency of the electorate in that particular constituency. The average easy-going citizen supposes that over the whole country in a General Election these manifest flaws in the system cancel each other out. That is not how it works. In fact, since the last war, in three Parliaments, a majority of one party in the Commons has been based on a minority of the electorate. We all know that this obsolete method of voting commonly exaggerates the momentary trend of opinion grossly, while it may leave a substantial minority in the country with an impotent representation in the House. The true facts are even worse than this. The system may result, and has resulted, in the reversal of the will of the electorate. The pros and cons of P.R. are rather nicely balanced, nor is the country yet converted to it. But the common-sense solution of the alternative vote could arouse no strong opposition; at a not very distant date even the Labour Party favoured it. This Conference, in short, is a set-back for the living idea of democracy.

EIRE'S AGE OF REALISM

[This article, sent from Dublin before the result of the polling was known, deals with the underlying issues of the election.]

UNTIL recent years the recipe for an Irish election was simple. Each party would get out, wave tricolours or green flags and make fervid national appeals. But in the present General Election—the second within twelve months—a change is evident. Starting out from College Green—at the beginning of the election campaign—I heard the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Martin O'Sullivan, explaining from a Labour Party platform the Labour plan for dealing with the railway situation. Before the meeting began, a loud speaker van gave a raucous rendering of Irish jigs, reels and martial airs. But all the speakers talked railway finance. At the other end of the city—beneath the monument where Parnell throws out his arm in a grand oratorical gesture—Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry, was defending his transport plan with a wealth of figures.

In spite of transport difficulties, the country has travelled rapidly from the heroic, romantic age. The election crisis came out of the defeat of the de Valera Government on the second reading of the Transport Bill. Opposition parties united on the demand that the Bill should be postponed for a month or so, to enable the Railway Tribunal to report on allegations of leakage of official information said to be responsible for G.S.R. Stock soaring on the market before the Government scheme was made public. Government speakers urged that speculation in railway shares and the need for a unified transport system are quite separate and should not be confused. But the Government was defeated by one vote. The same night Mr. de Valera went post-haste to President Douglas Hyde to advise an election because his minority Government was not strong enough to carry on.

Not only does the transport scheme occupy a central position in this election, but it indicates the kind of approach that the Government is making to post-war economic reconstruction. Social foundations are now being laid in the country. For many years the G.S.R. has been in financial difficulties. The State came to its assistance by rigidly controlling competitive motor transport and placing long distance road services under the control of the company. In spite of these aids the railway found it hard to carry on and for years the company paid no ordinary dividend. More serious still, the company had no money to modernise its system which has become hopelessly antiquated. Stretches of line were closed down (even in normal pre-war days) because traffic was uneconomic. The railway suffered from a growing paralysis. Country towns, fairs, markets were always threatened with the possibility of isolation.

An aggravation of the trouble is that the Irish railways were never planned to be of real national service. They may be fairly described as lines of military strategy. Junctions and stations are miles from towns they are supposed to serve. Even in the capital. On the north side of Dublin there is not a single railway station for the population which has increased by thousands within the past twenty years. Towns have risen and flourished, others have dwindled, but the railways remain as they were fifty years ago, a little rustier, that's all.

The Government decided to wind up the G.S.R., to unify road and rail transport in a single all-embracing company which would co-ordinate the services, even including the city buses, now run by a separate company. The cost of tearing up the old rails and replanning the whole system, establishing stations and goods yards where they are needed, modernising rolling stock and permanent way is calculated at about £8,000,000. A new company is being launched with a capital of £20,000,000, made up of £4,000,000 Ordinary G.S.R. Stock and £16,000,000 Government Guaranteed Stock. Railway investors are having their Stock exchanged for guaranteed Stock at exceptionally generous rates.

Financially, this scheme is salvation to the railway stockholder. Instead of being tied to a bankrupt concern their interest is now assured by the Irish people. The Government has nominated the chairman of this new company, and looks to it to provide cheap and efficient transport from the new resources which have been guaranteed. In his recent Budget speech, Mr. S. T. O'Kelly, Minister for Finance, said that the £16,000,000 guarantee in respect of the new company was one of the most important single financial undertakings in the history of the Irish State. The State commitment in respect of electrification amounted to some £13,500,000, so that this transport scheme is in fact the largest of all. If the money can be raised by private investment, the Government may not be called upon to advance the capital. The Minister for Industry affirms that the national transport concern will earn its own dividends and so will repay the State any sums by way of interest which need to be advanced.

No doubt Eire will gain enormously by putting her transport in order. But—on the debit side—it means that investors, even recent investors, in a bankrupt railway concern are to be buttressed up at the expense of the State. Mr. P. McGilligan, former Minister of Industry, has declared that the Transport Bill means that the taxpayer will have to pay £500,000 a year for 16 years and, at the end of that time, the railways are to be handed over to the private ownership of people whose interest amounts only to about £3,000,000.

Now is obviously the time to establish a real national transport system, owned and controlled by the State, based on the principles of the famous 1916 Proclamation:—"We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible." With the bankruptcy of the private concern—which has to be completely reconstructed—it should be possible to act generously by the stockholders and yet to ensure that in the future this public service—rebuilt by the nation's credit—shall belong to the nation.

Why is this not being done? The Minister has explained that a State service might enable certain interests to use their political power to hold the State to ransom. Railway employees, for example, might be able to enforce decent conditions as State workers. This argument should be put alongside the ransom which the speculators have already secured by their timely dealing in rail stocks, a ransom which the taxpayer has guaranteed to make good. The present scheme places all the risks and burdens on the back of the taxpayer. But if, through the national credit and the national use of transport, the company becomes solvent then it remains in private hands.

No one can argue such a case on its merits. Opposition to national ownership of transport and other forms of property is largely ideological. Eire's outlook on social matters is conditioned by the belief in private property held tenaciously by small farmers owning little plots of land. By exploiting this traditional belief, financial interests hope to induce these small farmers to pay taxes in order to guarantee their dividends, so that they can make further profits out of the farmers' transport needs. This curious ideological stammer runs right through the Eire economic planning.

No modern economist will deny that the old competitive order is dead. It is even a feature of the Eire transport scheme that it eliminates competition. But it clings to private ownership even though this has now become meaningless. Progressive elements lack the courage to challenge this economic orthodoxy. Yet in the 1919 "Democratic Programme," adopted by the Dail during the period of struggle, the right of the nation to own its economic resources was affirmed.

Small farmers are finding that they cannot produce cheaply and efficiently by their methods of petty production. Large scale farming elsewhere undersells them in the export market. An ex-Minister of the Cosgrave regime has written of the need for large-scale farming either of a State or co-operative character. But the Irish Labour movement dare not face the odium of such a proposal. And Government spokesmen have declared that, even at the price of economic inefficiency, the present land system must remain. In consequence there is a steady drift away from the country, from those farm units which mean too much poverty and hardship.

The present tragedy is that with an undeveloped country, small enough to be planned on efficient progressive lines, Eire remains chained to an out-of-date capitalist order which highly developed countries are throwing overboard because it denies comfort and security to their citizens. This Irish election is concerned mainly with these economic issues. Most probably de Valera will return to power with the majority he demands. But he will still be left striving to drive in double harness the ill-assorted steeds of public utility and the broken-down nag of private predatory interests.

R. M. Fox

A LONDON DIARY

SECRECY has really been admirably preserved. There must have been thousands of people over the week-end who knew. It may be that the long queues of unexcited people, whom a correspondent saw standing in front of fish shops on the South Coast, were so used to the arrival of tanks that they assumed that the unending stream that passed them was no more than another rehearsal. Even the Germans seem to have been foxed about the date. Perhaps they were sure that the weather, which actually postponed operations for twenty-four hours, made them impossible. In any case a commentator on Paris Radio was still suggesting on Tuesday morning that the invasion would be postponed for a month until after Roosevelt had visited England! Note too that on Tuesday morning from 6.30 to 7.30, some hours after landings had begun in France, the mocking voice of Germany's "D-day Broadcast" to our invading army was coming over as usual. Clearly Goebbels did not know that the troops to whom these broadcasts have been directed, were no longer in England, but on their way to Germany.

* * *

The story is told of a reporter sent to cover the funeral of Queen Victoria. He was overwhelmed by the size and majesty of the occasion. There was too much to see; there was nothing to write. He achieved no more than the first words of the classic despatch, "Never since the Crucifixion . . ." Many journalists must have felt like this during the last few days, in which the emotional tension, public and personal, has made comment seem superficial. In the circumstances, correspondents have done a remarkable job. Some went to drop with the first parachutists; others, in the first beach landings, have managed to send factual reports of great interest. I should like to add a special word of praise for the first of the B.B.C. war reports after the 9.0 news. Howard Marshall and his colleagues managed to describe in sober, vivid and convincing terms what they actually experienced on their own bit of the Front.

* * *

During the first days of the invasion, detailed news cannot be expected, and I have heard no complaints against the Allied authorities on grounds of delay, inaccuracy or excessive secrecy. The newspapers are in a dilemma. The demand for news is universal and urgent, so they fall back on the German radio. The result is very peculiar. Sometimes, no doubt, German admissions tell what Allied Headquarters are not yet ready to claim, but the result of so far depending on the enemy's news service is confusing. An analysis of the papers on Wednesday morning would show some curious results. The papers, of course, say that their unofficial news of landings comes from German sources, but the source appears in small type, and the news in headlines. Take an example from the *Daily Express*. On the front page there is an admirably clear map with arrows showing land, sea and air attacks on Guernsey, Jersey, the bay of St. Malo, and other places not mentioned by the B.B.C. We are told, in italics, that the map is "based on news received from Germany yesterday. From Germany, too, came the news that paratroops had landed in the Channel Islands." So the Germans say, but not, it is to be noted, General Eisenhower.

* * *

I have never been sure how far the leaders of national minority organisations in the United States can swing their members' votes behind a particular Presidential candidate. But between now and November the party managers will be looking anxiously for signs of sympathy or hostility on the part of the millions of Italian, Scandinavian and Polish voters. Among "hyphenated Americans" the Poles are probably the most powerful "pressure group." But they are not in fact nearly as unanimously anti-Soviet on the question of the Polish-Russian frontier as Polish officials in this country and America suggest, nor, I think, will they be induced by propaganda to vote as a block against Mr. Roosevelt. A few weeks ago I referred to the visit of Father Orlemanski and Professor Lange to Moscow, where they saw Stalin. I gather that they have survived the attacks made on them when they returned and that their effort to reach an understanding with the Kremlin has brought them considerable backing from Americans of Polish extraction. By way of confirmation I see that at the Polish-American Congress which has just ended in Buffalo there was a split between those who wanted to use this Congress as a bludgeon against the Administration, and those who thought it best to keep Old World grievances out of American politics. Both groups had considerable press support: the extreme nationalists from the Hearst papers and Col. McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*; the moderates from the *New York Times* and the more responsible sections of the press. I am glad to learn from a report in the *Observer* that Professor Kot, the Polish Minister of Information, has denied that official Polish funds have been used to subsidise anti-Roosevelt propaganda. Unofficially, it is clear, some Poles will go to almost any lengths; one of the most extreme of Polish nationalists, Colonel Matuszewski, actually instructs Polish-American workers that support of the war effort contributes to the enslavement of Poland.

* * *

Talking of the lengths to which anti-Soviet feeling will go, I see that the American Federation of Labour is sending as American trade union representative to Italy Luigi Antonini, who is Vice-President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. Nominally, it will be his job to work with the T.U.C. delegates to assist the reconstruction of the Italian Trade Union Movement. But Green, the President of the A. F. of L., went out of his way to say that Antonini's mission was to prevent the Communists capturing the Italian unions. Quite apart from political objections to this somewhat provocative announcement, I should have thought that the Italian Labour Movement would take strong exception to attempts by outsiders to dictate their policies to them. *P.M.*, the New York newspaper, accuses Antonini of helping Hearst "to paint our Russian ally as the enemy in the war instead of the Fascists," and points out that he has had close connections with Fascist propagandists. The struggle to re-establish democracy in Italy has not been so easy that we can afford to send such disruptive partisans into the progressive front.

* * *

In giving H. N. Brailsford an honorary degree, Glasgow is honouring one of its most distinguished and most retiring graduates. His remarkable achievement has been to make himself both a great journalist and creative writer on social affairs. I can recall very few, if any, others who have scored this particular double. The habit of mind required for creative thinking is not easy for a journalist to maintain. Brailsford's *War of Steel and Gold*, *A League of Nations* (the first use of the word, I believe, and in Brailsford's meaning, a League of peoples, rather than a juridical alliance of governments), *Property or Peace*, and several other of his works, all broke new ground. In addition he has written first-class history, and is an anthropologist in his spare time. He has a long record as an editorial writer on the *Manchester Guardian*, on several London daily papers, and on the *Nation* under Massingham. After the last war he edited the *New Leader*, and through it exerted great influence. But the I.L.P. was too narrow-minded for Brailsford and got rid of him. In recent years, apart from contributions to *Reynolds*, he has written, mainly unsigned, in this journal. But that is not the end. The rest of the story can only be told by Brailsford himself. He fought with the Greeks against the Turks in 1897, and has been through almost as many wars and adventures as H. W. Nevinson. He could write, if he would, memoirs as entertaining as *Chances and Changes*, with this difference, that they would show a far deeper understanding of the social struggles in which both he and Nevinson played so striking a part.

* * *

The Peak District National Park Joint Committee has just published a Report which, in brevity and persuasiveness, is a model statement of the case for a National Park, in its application to the Peak District. The eligibility of the Peak District as a National Park is second only to that of the Lake District, in fact in one respect it is superior, the Peak District lying between two very large centres of population. On the east, Sheffield and the towns of South Yorkshire, and on the west, Stockport, Manchester, and the industrial areas of Lancashire. It is a stretch of some of the finest wild scenery in the country, extending some two hundred and thirty square miles. It is devoted partly to farming and partly to the shooting of grouse, the latter being organised with such thoroughness that a large part of the area, which is of negligible agricultural value, is closed to the public. The Committee propose that this should be scheduled a National Park, defining the term to mean "an extensive area of picturesque and wild landscape preserved in its habitual aspect and intended for open-air recreation, while continuing in its traditional farming use. It is recognised," the Committee add, "that the beauty of such a region depends mainly on its people and its farms, and on a sound and vigorous rural life." The public has, with necessary restrictions, the right to enjoy this beauty. The Committee is surely right to point out that "the threat to the countryside will increase with the coming of peace." The war has stimulated mechanical invention and made necessary vast projects of building, and unless some steps are taken, there will remain scarcely an area in England where true recuperative peace may yet be found. All this is so obvious that one wonders who could be found to oppose such a scheme. The answer: motorists who want roads, private builders who put up houses, and speculate in land, and "sportsmen" who want unrestricted facilities for shooting. These are the lions in the path of all National Park projects. The sincerity of Government planning intentions is to be judged by the extent to which the Government is prepared to face and to overcome them. As the Report puts it, "The public's true welfare will take precedence over national convenience and private gain." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Dr C. Anderson.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Blown across a room by a time bomb, wedged in an air raid shelter crowd, chased and slugged on the head by a Nazi spy leader (Carl Esmond), Milland gives a good characterisation of a man hounded by an intangible unseen fear.—Film critic in *News Review*.

"The House of the Good Shepherd," Wallington. Cosiest Church in Surrey proving survival.—*Carshalton Times and Surrey County Mail*.

Experienced general clerk (female) wanted for recording and other work in connection with the personnel of the Fire Guard Organisation; should be able to type and must be capable of interpreting Government orders and instructions.—*Watford Observer*.

I am 16 years of age and was brought up in an orphanage. I was flogged over a thousand times and never found cause to regret it. As a child I hated the people who performed on me, but I am able to say now that they did me a great kindness. —*Letter in the News Chronicle*.

DEMOBILISATION: REMOBILISATION?

As one closely identified with Mass-Observation, I make no apology for writing about its latest publication* which Critic has already warmly recommended. It is the first of our reports which I have taken no part in preparing, partly because I have been too busy on military duties, and partly because it concerns military matters, and I did not want to add any bias, or do anything conceivably improper. So I am in a position to say, with some confidence and without conceit, that I think this the best report Mass-Observation has so far published.

"After the last war." Is any phrase more often used in serious Service discussion? Among civvies, too, the phrase is increasingly to be heard these days. Listen to a typical housewife, age 30, giving her views on the war's end:

> I can't see it ending in under two years. And when it does end, I don't think it will be really over. Everyone says the men will be kept out there after the war, and won't come home for years and years. And there will be terrible unemployment at home. Look at the promises they made in the last war about jobs for all, and look what happened.

The peace of 1918 caught the country unprepared; as a result there was much confusion and distress. It was not simply the fault of the Government who did try, belatedly, to tackle the problem. The High Command didn't help. But basically it was the fault of ordinary people everywhere, in khaki and out. They failed to prepare or inform their minds for that sudden miracle, Peace. When it popped out of agony, they panicked. All war lessons were discarded. To-day we face the same issues.

Many older folk remember this post-war period only too well, high hopes and vanished visions, bitter unemployment and "heroes" singing in the streets. Over and over again, people still talk of the "muddle" and "chaos." Many now feel *anything* would be better than a recurrence. In particular, they feel we must start straight with planned demobilisation, key to all that can follow.

In 1917 Lloyd George prepared a demobilisation plan designed to restart peace industry quickly. Haig opposed it as "most objectionable and prejudicial to discipline." So it was shelved. Armistice brought a rush to get out. String-pullers wangled out first. Indignation, fanned by the press, mounted rapidly. There were several small mutinies, a big Whitehall march by armed soldiers and the setting-up of Soviets on the Russian model in one or two units. As Winston Churchill, then War Minister, puts it in his book *The World Crisis*:

> The ordinary soldier without these advantages (of strings to pull) saw his lately joined comrade hurrying home to take his job or somebody's job, in England, while he, after years of perils and privations on a soldier's pay, wounded and sent back to the carnage three and some four times, was to be left until the plums at home had been picked up and every vacancy filled.

In the face of feared violence a hasty plan was made by the War Minister, demobilisation on the basis of wounds, service and age; Army pay more than doubled: new young men for the army of occupation. Put forward early in 1919, these measures helped, though too late to be fully effective. Demobilisation went very rapidly, 3,300,000 in the first five months and on at 100,000 a week. At the same time, some million civilians lost their war jobs. There was no question of an assured job, moderate security, or any broad plan at all. The result is familiar enough. Another wartime Minister, Reginald MacKenna, says it excellently in his *While I Remember*:

> The countries which had been devastated by the war and those which were threatened by ruinous indemnities set to work at once to repair the damage and build up their resources; England, which had endured as long a strain as any without having iron driven into her soul at the sight of her land laid waste or her industry ruined, settled down to drowsy recuperation until the next crisis should arouse her with the threat of financial disaster, revolution or another war.

Journey Home covers the same people for three years, on the difference between their peace hopes, wishes, ideals and their peace expectations, what they consider really *will* happen. In nearly every category, expectation fell well below hope. In two cases this is especially noticeable: the hope for Total Employment and for sincere Internationalisation. These extensively held ideals are widely, deeply, felt to be threatened in advance. Worse than that, their opposite, Mass Unemployment and International Strife, are commonly anticipated. Unemployment fear is the most immediate and important; it is strongest, of course, in the Services. Nearly half the civilians also expect much unemployment, and another third think there will be some. Optimists:

> "I don't see why there should be much. There's plenty wants doing."
>
> "There's too much rebuilding to be done."
>
> "There'll be plenty of work for all—catching up with everybody's wants. Haven't we been skimping and saving for years? People will want to go a bust when it's over. That's good for trade."

Compare the pessimistic:

> "I think it will be like after the last war, dreadful."
>
> "It will be like after the last war, a muck-up."

Between the two:

> "After the first two years I reckon it'll go back to the old game again—all lining up for the dole."

It is certainly true that people will want "to go on a bust." They did last time. That was half the trouble. Peace became irresponsible. Again it is bound to raise new conflicts, tempers, impatiences. If the old job *is* available, will you want it back? Or are you looking for a new opportunity? Many Service men and women will answer: No, Yes. The younger end never had an adult civvy life. Their problem is well put by a girl just married to a soldier:

> "Unless he stays in the Army—and I know he does not want to do so—demobilisation for us means starting a completely new career."

Will Britain offer enough opportunity? In a recent Mass-Observation survey, a greatly increased number both of Services and civvies spontaneously expressed an urge to emigrate after the war. Typical remarks were: "I shall sell my business, if it keeps on its feet, and then I shall go to America," and, "I want to go abroad. New Zealand I'd like. They want carpenters there." A fragment overheard in a Taunton pub:

> *Soldier*: "Well, when it's all over, we'll go to Canada, won't we?"
>
> *His wife*: "Rather!"

And what will the women do? Will they sit pretty, in industry? Will they want to go back to housework? *Journey Home* shows there has been a lot of exaggerated worry about this in the forces. Women in Britain definitely *do* want to get home. The large majority are getting tired of loyally observed long hours and routine work in factories. Many pine for a home; wives want husbands and babies; others want potential husbands, as any normal girl does. Just one woman war-worker can speak for millions like her; she says of her job: "This is only a wartime measure. You bet your life I only intend it to be."

A majority in public opinion also favours the idea that women should not be *allowed* to stay in men's jobs. And the old slogan "Equal pay for equal work" is accepted as an essential rule by nearly everyone—only 1 per cent. against!

We see, then, that people have new hopes born out of war's sacrifices and self-controls: they also have old doubts and anxieties, born largely out of the last war. They are ready to plan something different, but not at all sure how it's to be done. They are clear that it will mean some continuing sacrifices and controls—both of self and community. The first step, as nearly all agree, this time is to plan demobilisation, key to any planned economy of prosperous peace. This time the Government are planning demobilisation ahead, mainly through Minister of Labour Ernest Bevin. The broad principles so far published involve a general assessment on basis of age, home responsibilities, service, skill and available work. Nothing is yet finally fixed. Independent schemes have been publicised by various groups, from the Conservatives to the Communists. What matters is that few men doubt the need for planned demobilisation. This is equally true of the man-in-the-street. When Mass-Observation asked people what they thought the main considerations in demobilisation priorities they named the following items in their order of frequency:

(1) Family Man. (2) Length of service. (3) Usefulness in "civvy street." (4) Service record. (5) Job ready and waiting. (6) Age.

Many felt that length of service alone would penalise key men, reserved for the first war years, or later volunteers from safe civvy jobs. Many held that those who could go and make work for others should be let out first, however short their service. Broadly, most are remarkably reasonable and tolerant about it. It will be impossible to satisfy everyone. Everyone can this time be led to follow a sensible, fair-minded scheme. But underlying the sober general opinion there is, as all Service men know, a very natural feeling that "I'm an exception, I'm entitled to be among the first, that's sure." A report from the R.A.F. typically mentions this feeling:

> In talking of how it ought to run, everybody invariably takes the class to which they belong, and then puts forward any argument he can think up to show why that class comes first.

As a sapper reports from an R.E. unit:

> Of course everyone believes that there will be no early release for him *himself* after the war, but secretly hopes that a chance may present itself for him to get out quickly. Every job is regarded by the person doing this job in "civvy street" as being of national importance.

This very normal "selfishness" upset the show last time. It can only be avoided this time by self-control. Mass-Observation polls show one helpful development in this direction. The percentage expecting demobilisation to last *under* one year was 30 per cent. in 1941, fell to 20 per cent. in 1942 and away down to 5 per cent. in 1943. Commonly held is the view "it will have to take place over a long period." Gaining ground also is the idea that a strong army of occupation will be required; as an R.A.S.C. driver remarks: "Complete demobilisation will never take place, because a large standing army will be maintained." Moreover, practically half of Britons at present expect another war after this one; 46 per cent. expect it within 25 years. In the face of these fears, the soldier dreams of a personal "civvy street" escape. Pessimism breeds apathy. If "the century of the common man" is to mean something *to* the common man, it must be an era of more than creature comforts. Good housing, good pay, security, they mean a lot. But men can live in luxury and be miserable, as they can sometimes live in squalor and be happy. If a man knows where he's going and wants to get there, he can put up with hardship cheerfully. The Freedoms of to-day seem largely Freedoms *From*. The shortage is in Freedoms *For*. The positive, purposive effort for wise and controlled action right from the moment of Peace depends on citizens, electorates. There should, by now, be enough women and men of good will and good sense to see that we avoid the shambles of 1918 with its inevitable repercussions, 1928 and 1938. If even as late as 1948 is our demobilisation year, we have then to fight for 1958—and 2000, too.

TOM HARRISSON

* *Journey Home*. JOHN MURRAY. 6s.

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AN ITALIAN HOME

[From a soldier serving in Italy.]

Our leader brought us out of the old town into the jungle of narrow tall streets, and absolutely thread-needle alleys. He had been here before, and our party of sergeants turned off a main alley down a minor one, and, stooping under a stone arch, we were in a one-room, ground-floor apartment. It was really a stone vaulted chamber, about three yards square, the home of a humble Italian family, "Povera ma honesta" was their description of themselves.

Two large double beds filled the remote end of the room—one of polished wood, very elegant, and very modern, but also rather cheap, and the other an old baroque bed. By the door was the sink, in which stood a washing bowl full of glowing charcoal, the only method of cooking. The light was feeble electricity. A big glass-doored cupboard held odds and ends: surely nothing substantial as food. In another corner was the chest of drawers, where the whole of the family belongings were stowed. There may have been things under the bed—there were definitely two hens and one cat in the room. We sat on two broken chairs, and four shattered boxes in the space before the door, and bought good red wine at less inflated prices than one would have to pay in the trattoria.

The family were very clean and meanly dressed, and most of them slept in this clean room. Mother was in black—small, boss-eyed, humble, silent and a little overawed by the British Army. She could not be persuaded to sit. She would merely stand and simper at our fun. Her daughter, a trim girl, had a baby of fifteen months old, extremely thin and distressed looking. Her husband, a chauffeur, had been a captive in Tunisia, and had shortly before been transferred to England. She was twenty, and her allowance was 165 lira (8*s*.) a week. She and her mother took in army laundry to eke out funds. An elder son had been taken prisoner at Asmara and transferred to Kenya, and as a medical orderly returned to Bologna, where ultimately he became a German prisoner. His officers abandoned the regiment, he escaped to South Italy. He had no work. His brother, a shop assistant, did the same. There were two lads in the early teens, decent but unorthodox in dress, and one with a remarkably intelligent head and mental grasp. A dumpy girl of 17 or so had her fiancé with her, and he kept her just a little separate from us.

Their food was impossibly meagre, and they were very slight in build. In a prime olive region they had only small quantities of oil and browny bread, no meat, fruit *ad lib.* if they wanted it, no milk, but few green vegetables, almost no facilities for cooking, and but a few chipped vessels for eating upon. A hot drink must have been rather unusual with them, for they had only broken cups and glasses—all kept really clean.

It was impossible to get our hosts to sit down. What a strange party—feasters among the compulsory fasters! Another night we ate "contrabando" there, i.e., black market fish. I have not been there again out of shame, for we had hoped to give the people out of our own rations some substantial food in return for these delicacies—but it was impossible (not to say illegal) under the circumstances. We were and remain unable to give any aid.

But this family had remarkable dignity, and though I am too proud to go again, I saw how akin it was to us. To them and to us the Italo-British conflict is over. They just do not talk about Mussolini. He is finished, as they all knew he would be some day. But when there were Germans here, there was some food (Italian food), if little of it, and with the Allies here there is none. They will not believe that food is on the way, even though it is mentioned in the newspapers. They know where food was apt to disappear under the Fascists. How they exist we do not know.

This family is a little disappointed that Italy has not more rapidly fallen to the British and Allies. I gather they have a slightly exaggerated idea of American prowess. They believe the British really aimed at military objectives from the air, which is actually very true.

But fear is their vital characteristic. We were not allowed to turn on the wireless—a most expensive pre-war affair—too loud for fear of the police, and lest that nameless and probably insubstantial person might knock at the door. Theirs was not the open attitude to black market trading that one would have in North Africa. It was fearsome, cautious and full of unexpected hesitations. Everywhere ran the shadow of the old secret police. They had probably been good enough Fascists, but they still lived in fear of a false move. They were honest folk, but they feared that they might gain ill repute from their neighbours. Ostracism under a dictatorship is worse than prison. Could they be sure that even our regime would be lasting? Owning nothing, yet as a family they could not afford to cast their lot any one way. I could persuade them only to say they were for liberty.

Our evening of converse, part English, part French and part Italian, was illuminating and rather dramatic. We sang and laughed and mimed. We did not cast any eyes upon the girls. We were too immersed in poverty, while the red wine and almonds brought out the shine and redness upon our faces. At the moment we were quite helpless to do anything for them. Our allied nations also at the moment cannot feed and clothe them. Some help must come from the agricultural industry of the spring, and we must presume also from their new left parties, the Communists, the Social Democrats and the Liberals whose proclamations are found on walls everywhere stirringly and tastefully printed. Before we left I thought that I might be able to come back to first principles by giving a toast. We shared the wine all round, and I gave "Garibaldi, Mazzini and a new Italo-British friendship." To the younger members of the family Garibaldi and Mazzini were empty words, and only Mamma sighed, "Garibaldi, si, Garibaldi."

DUSTY RETORT

I walked past the coal trams, rattled my heavy boots against the stone steps and entered, after knocking, into the cabin of the mine officials. Because I have long lost any awe of such surroundings, I picked a place to sit on the plank seat, put my twelve-and-a-half pounds mining lamp on the floor, glanced unbelievingly at the stack of report books and began to state my case.

Just here I want you to know that in the past years I have acted as leading hand to many difficult mining jobs. During the recent years, however, I have thought it wiser—for good reasons which those who know my activities will appreciate—to act as the second hand, thus leaving the chief responsibility, and the higher pay, to others among my mates; sometimes men who have less than my quarter of a century mining experience. Now to my case, as listened to by those two over officials who had remained behind after the firemen had gone underground.

I work in a new district, in a big seam where repairs are complicated and difficult to handle. Normally we were two parties of repairers there with an extra pair to help coming in when emergencies happened. Early this year both of the higher paid repairers were seriously ill. We knew that both would be many weeks away from work. I knew that repairers were scarce and that coal was scarce also. To get that coal out the repairs must go on. Thinking from the co-operative angle—and we miners hear so much of that—I went again on with the repairer's work instead of acting as assistant; a man totally unused to mining work was sent with me as my assistant. During the last two months we have saved at least three working places from falling in completely and the coal had come back every day. Indeed the whole district had expanded and this had helped us to gain our pit target after failing to do so for quite a while. The spare repairer and his mate had arrived about as frequently as formerly; but no other replacement of the missing workmen had been made.

I had waited during that two months for some recognition of my efforts or for a possible awakening of conscience. As that conscience seemed drowsy I had decided to give it a jerk . . . hence that climb up the steps. First I asked, after explaining their financial saving by the absence of the other répairers, when they were going to give me the extra rate paid to the other repairers. At present I was getting the same pay as when I acted as assistant; my mate with a few weeks' mining experience was taking home exactly the same wages as myself.

They blamed the Porter award for that; they were not responsible. Don't hide behind that, I argued, the Porter award only fixed the minimum. You can always give more. That idea created no enthusiasm, and, after waiting a bit, I brought in my second appeal. The colliers who train Bevin boys get extra allowances. I, too, had a beginner with me. He was middle-aged and willing, but strange, awkward and nervous in the unnatural conditions of the underground. Repairer's work is much more difficult than the collier's, so why cannot I have some extra for the added work and responsibility? They had no complaint about the work I had done; agreed I should have far more than a beginner; but rejected my suggestion of how to alter things, which was to pay me more. This time it was not their business to be concerned about the paying. Their job was to see that the work was done—the maximum amount, too, quite obviously. I argued that any man who had power to tell a man that certain work must be done should surely have authority to see that he was properly paid. Silence was a safeguard, not a consent, from their side once again.

Then I came again with a statement about tools. I have the tools sufficient for my own work, but some of the jobs I had been doing needed more tools. I had taken some of my absent mates' for the purpose of carrying on. I had used hand saws, cross-cut saws and other edged tools. The use and the dust that surrounded our working had blunted their cutting edges. I meant to get them sharpened and to replace some broken handles that a fall had caught. I meant to get all in good shape before the others restarted work, and it would cost a few shillings. Would I be allowed for that? I asked. Again I gained nothing by asking.

So without one penny gain I am to do a higher skilled job, which helps the colliery through a difficult period; I am to help and train a beginner at a hard and dangerous job, and between us turn out the work of two experienced men; and I am to pay five or six shillings out of my pockets for the resetting of the extra tools we used.

Not too encouraging, you will agree. The utmost they would concede was that they would pass on my request to some place—vaguely "higher up" and to someone who was probably sleeping the sleep of the just at that moment. I walked into the earth in a rather pensive mood that night. Yesterday came the answer from the one whose word is all powerful . . . I am to have no extra.

I hope the decision did not disturb his sleep. It did not hinder mine, for I have two antidotes always at hand. The first is to tell the British public all about it; the second is to act exactly as any other miner would in similar circumstances.

B. L. Coombes

It's the Tommy's privilege

to grumble. We receive grumbles all the time from members of the Services at home and overseas who cannot get this paper. The Publisher has many addresses of Service members and civilians who would be glad to have your copy, as soon as you have finished with it.

19 GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON, W.C.1

The face of a man
in battle is firm,
resolute, unfaltering.
He has to be
that kind of man.
We, who back him up,
have to be
that kind of people.
We also must be firm,
resolute
in self-denying effort—
to SALUTE
THE FIGHTING FORCES
with more
and yet more saving!

Issued by the National Savings Committee

IN SEARCH OF THOMAS HARDY

It was my first day in the British Army. In my uniform—too large and great-coat too tight—I felt like a provincial actor dressed up for a Napoleon part but who knows that everybody will recognise who he really is. My cap was bordering on the miraculous in its awkward angle on my head.

I didn't know yet how to salute an officer in England.

Coming up to the cross-roads the first thing I saw outside a small country house was a statue of a seated old gentleman, with his plus-foured legs crossed, a dog by his side. Underneath the bronze statue was inscribed: Thomas Hardy.

I turned around to see if nobody was looking as a strange impulse prompted me to salute the statue of the poet. I gave him a long and solemn salute. I don't know if it was according to army regulations, but I meant it to be with all the homage I felt at that moment. *Ave Poeta, Morituri Te Salutant.*

For some unknown reason I saw in it a finger of God. I felt quite lyrical. That Providence has brought me from so many distant lands to begin my first day's soldiering in a town where the poet of *The Dynasts* lived and worked practically all his long life and where he was, in the village near by, born and buried, gave me cause to meditate pleasurably upon the mysterious ways of the Architect of the Universe.

My memory wandered back hundreds of miles and it seemed as many years. I was young and I was daydreaming about England and her poets, whose tongue was not given to me to understand in a small town in Poland. Not long before the death of Hardy I began to get acquainted with the names of Byron, Keats, Shelley and Wordsworth. But I couldn't read the poets themselves, only a few translations of Byron and Shelley I managed to procure.

Years passed and the morbid and grand vision of Hardy gnawed at my young inexperienced heart, and I vowed if ever fate should take me to England I'd go, after a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, to see the Hardy country and read his books in his own language, and maybe one day I should understand him.

And here I was in Hardy's town, after long wanderings in my strange metamorphosis, an odd soldier in search of the poet.

I wanted to see Hardy's house, and I stopped a postman on a bicycle in the street.

"Yes, Hardy's house, Max Gate, it's not far from here. Some other people live there now."

"Did you deliver letters to Hardy?"—I tried to draw him out.

"'Course I did—for over twenty years."

"Somebody has told me that he wrote good books and that he lived here," I tried to apologise sheepishly for my curiosity. "Are his books really good?"

"Well," the good-natured postman smiled, "I have read most of them. They are what one might call a bit far-fetched. They say that he hated women, but he went and married another woman after his first missis died, so he couldn't have hated women, could he? Though he must have been an unhappy man (his books are full of unhappiness), he made money; he was rich, very rich. He left all his money to his second wife, and he was very tight-fisted, old Hardy was. Didn't give away anything, not a penny to the town. Bit queer he was; never had much to do with anybody. Friendly? Well, he wasn't exactly what you might call friendly-like. He would answer good-morning sometimes, and then he wouldn't; perhaps didn't hear you. He thought a lot, they say, always in thought, far away, and he wrote his books all from his own head. No, they were not actual happenings; they were what is called fiction; but he made them look like they might have happened if they would have happened, if you get my meaning. Lots of Americans used to come here, and wanted to be taken round and shown all the Hardy places which he wrote about. It was good business for the town, too. And they used to write to him later from all over the world, hundreds of letters with all sorts of foreign stamps. I used to deliver them letters every day. People must have told him in them letters all manner of strange happenings, and he made stories out of them. He wrote what you call fiction as if it was in the past which might be in the present and will be just the same in the future, if you get my meaning."

I thanked my good postman and went off to see Hardy's house. I lost my way, and a policeman, who remembered the "old gentleman," but hadn't much to say about Hardy, except that "he gave no trouble to anybody and always kept to himself," directed me to a road.

And there in front of me was Max Gate, opposite the sloping fields, and behind the trees stood the simple red-bricked country house with white-painted doors and windows.

I knocked at the door with what I thought was highest humility. A servant opened the door and looked at me suspiciously at first and must have thought: a poor soldier, probably asking for something. In what must have been a confused sentence I explained that "I was told" that Thomas Hardy lived here and could I please——

With great civility she explained, without enquiring first of her mistress, that the children were ill in a room upstairs. At that moment the lady of the house appeared. The lady was most apologetic, and I was on the verge of saluting for the second time in my life and "dismiss." As I was feeling for the handle of the door, standing on the threshold, the kind lady noted my undisguised disappointment and asked as an afterthought: "What are you doing to-night?" Slightly perplexed, I managed to answer: "Probably in the barracks."

"Oh, then, you must come and have Christmas dinner with us."

"But, Madame, I really . . . I didn't . . . ," I stammered.

I felt a gush of blood suddenly rushing under my queer-angled cap. Perhaps this kind lady really thinks that I only came to be invited for Christmas dinner, under the false pretext of seeing Hardy's house? In defence of the honour of the British Army, whose (ill-fitting) uniform I was proudly, though ungracefully, wearing for the first day in my life, and in defence of my genuine love of Hardy, I had delicately to refuse this invitation.

"My husband will be delighted to have you; he is also in the Army."

And ladylike she gently smiled me out of the front door.

It was raining. I passed a railway bridge. Swollen black clouds drove across the grey twilight sky. Two dark, wet horses stood motionless in the sloping meadow (for a better and appropriate description of a melancholy setting the reader is respectfully referred to any tragic landscape painting in any one of Hardy's novels).

A military-looking young man opened the door for me and ushered me into the drawing-room. There were several women there, an old lady, and an old gentleman with a grey King Edward beard. The good old lady with white hair next to me explained that the younger generation doesn't care for Hardy any more as they did in her days. "Yes, my husband knew him very well, but he was very gloomy, Mr. Hardy, wasn't he?" she said with a sigh. At this her husband, the old gentleman with the grey beard, turned to me: "Brave country, Poland; suffered a lot, and Thomas Hardy is known in Poland? Really, very interesting."

My hostess and host came in and invited me into their part of the house where dinner was being served. My host, a handsome, tall man, with an actor's face, sat at the top of the table, his two young sons beside him. He was a major or a colonel, I don't remember which, for he was in grey tweeds. Courteous and affable, he tried to make me feel at ease. The dinner was excellent, finished off with a rich Christmas pudding.

In my huge portion I found a whole shilling (which I strongly suspected my generous hostess so manœuvred in cutting the pudding that I, the poor, homeless soldier, should get the shilling and one of the children the sixpenny bit). After dinner we listened to the King's speech. All the time the thought that I was sitting in Hardy's house exhilarated and saddened me. My hosts were charming, but it did not seem to concern them that they were living in Hardy's house.

Very soon afterwards I took my leave, thanking my host for the excellent Christmas dinner.

Going through the dark, windy and rainy night, I again looked up at the sky where a threatening moon was rushing through the clouds, and thought that if ever I shall write about this evening I shall have to refer the reader again to Hardy's descriptions of Nature mirroring a disillusioned and tormented soul. I could not sleep on my hard palliasse on the floor on that night in the cold hut of the barracks, my second night in the Army. The boys were singing "When she'll be coming round the mountains," and shouting homely obscenities.

A day or so later I was having a hair-cut. The barber, a lean, tall man with a bony face, noticing me reading *The Dynasts*, asked: "Do you like them things?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Oh, I didn't read that; it's too far-fetched. He was a funny little chap, he was, Old Hardy, a funny little chap, a very funny little chap. Used to come for a hair-cut every now and then, sometimes not for a few months. We are here the oldest barber's shop in town. He would sit in this same chair as you are now, sir. Didn't have much to say for himself. Sometimes if you would say to him 'I like your books, Mr. Hardy,' he would as likely as not not answer you at all. Strange fellow he was. They say them poets are like that. Did you read his *Tess*? He didn't give her a bit of sunshine, did he? From the time she was born until she was sent to the gallows. The Americans didn't like that—that she should be so treated. It was cruel, it was a shame, but there you are."

"Do you think it was not true, that he didn't take it from life?" I asked stupidly.

"A good bit of it, a lot of it, a great lot of it, tremendous lot of it, tremendous lot, tre-mendous lot," he kept repeating. "Some more off the back?"

"Why do people so dislike him here?" I asked.

"Well, there were some few who did like him, but the majority thought he was making fun of the Dorset dialect, you know, like country folk talk, and then they told him stories and he wrote them out, and he was such a strange fellow. Then he would have nothing to do with nobody. People would write to him hundreds of letters a day, but it was only to get his autograph. Of course, he wouldn't answer them. Yes, strange fellow he was, not much to look at, and didn't have much to say for himself. Wore a shabby brown old coat and knickerbockers. Looked like an old farmer and a miser. Some people said he was a bit queer in the head. But I think he was just strange, like them books he wrote. I wonder he didn't go crackers. Some of them do, a tremendous lot of them do. . . ."

After that I gave up my quest for Hardy in his beloved Wessex which he immortalised.

CAMILLE HONIG

DEPARTURE

Now, I can't see you any more.
Is it that my dreams have changed?
You liked pale mornings
Your eyes reveal this, as does the colour green.

Now, I can't see you any more.
Surely, you are in another's dreams!
You are now in a great city, its great temple facing you.
I am in this city with its thousand troubles facing me.
Your departure was like a faraway sadness.
Now, I remember only your hands, your lofty grace, your whiteness.

Translated from the Turkish by DEREK PATMORE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

National Building Record Exhibition at the National Gallery

The National Buildings Record is an organisation formed in February, 1941, to assemble records of buildings that might be damaged during the war. It receives an annual grant from the Treasury, and has been generously helped by the Rockefeller Foundation, the Pilgrim and Leverhulme Trusts. It has co-ordinated existing photographic records and supplemented them with some 25,000 photographs specially commissioned. An exhibition at the National Gallery offers a delightful little anthology to indicate the scope of this invaluable work. The photographs of St. Paul's and of the Westminster Abbey monuments, taken by the Warburg Institute set a standard of excellence by which it would be unfair to judge the other exhibits, but the general level deserves high praise both for the selection of the subjects and for the competence of the photography. Apart from early industrial architecture (such as the cloth mills in the Stroud district) every interesting type of our architecture is represented in the exhibition. There are Regency villas and even late Victorian theatres as well as churches, palaces, farmhouses and shops. There are photographs showing buildings before and after bombardment. What a pity that this admirable organisation was not active in the years of peace when urban landlords were concentrating their destructive energies upon so many of our most elegant buildings! This exhibition obliges the visitor to applaud the artists and craftsmen who adorned this country with buildings so expressive and, even when they are modest, so dignified. But it must be admitted that the effect is also humiliating, for what has been built in this century that deserves to be similarly recorded? We hope that Lord Portal and his planners will digest the lesson, at once enjoyable and nourishing, that is here so discreetly offered.

The Lefèvre and the Redfern Galleries

While it would be foolish to denigrate Monsieur Bauchant's talent, it is permissible to question the use he has made of it. A horticulturalist, he began painting as an amateur in 1904 when he was thirty. His pictures later attracted the interest of connoisseurs, and a wider public was made aware of him when Diaghileff produced his decor for Stravinsky's *Apollon Musagète*. Bauchant has continued to paint, retaining (not without effort, one presumes) the naivety of style that once was inevitable and perhaps charming. To some this innocence is endearing; others of us feel that naivety, if it is ever an artistic virtue (which is doubtful), ceases to be one when it is deliberately cultivated. In any case it must be admitted that Bauchant has preserved his exceptional gift for design: the flower-pictures in particular are not only decorative but expressive. But even so a bronze relief of a girl's head by Renoir, placed under one of these paintings, cruelly testifies that the expressiveness of Monsieur Bauchant lacks intensity. In the same exhibition are drawings by Mr. Cagli, an American who has evidently been influenced by Chirico. These are *chic* and so slight that any judgment based on them must be inadequate.

The Redfern Gallery offers us a treat—a roomful of etchings by Manet. Here is none of the scratchiness that usually results from the use of this medium. The *Buveur d'eau* is specially beautiful, the little head of Baudelaire is most curious, and other etchings transcribe some of Manet's most famous designs. (The *Olympia*, one notices, differs in a variety of ways from the painting.) Mr. Edward Wolfe's pictures are

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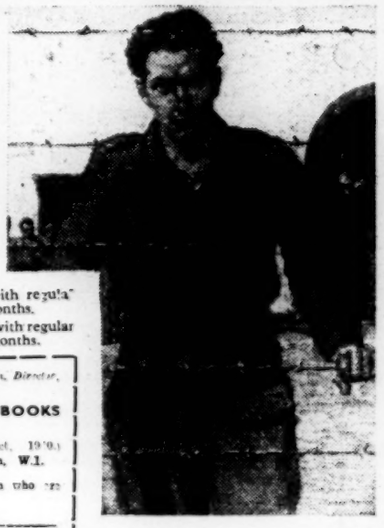
PT. 211

THOSE LEFT BEHIND

Many who saw our wounded and blinded prisoners come home from Germany were in tears at the sight of suffering so bravely borne. But the first thought of the men themselves was for their comrades LEFT BEHIND in the prison camps. The war has no greater tragedy than the thought of young, active men spending some of the best years of their lives in captivity. Please send a donation NOW, and get your friends to do likewise.



£5 will keep 2 prisoners supplied with regular parcels and cigarettes for six months.

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Nobody can bring the sun under a roof, but many enlightened employers have done the next best thing. They have fitted up Solaria where 'all hands' are free to renew their energies with invigorating sunbaths of ultra-violet rays from Hanovia lamps.
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uneven. His admiration for the genius of Matisse sometimes tempts him to a greater vehemence of colour than he can control. But one admires his courage, and the more because to play safe is the usual failing of English painters. His quieter pictures are less disputable. The pastel of Laugharne Castle and *Chideock in Snow* are two of the best works we have seen by Mr. Wolfe.

"A Trip to Scarborough," at the Arts Theatre

A very agreeable evening is to be had at the Arts Theatre where Sheridan's adaptation of a Vanbrugh comedy will run till June 18. Husbands and wives gingerly testing one another, the beau marrying money and a bumpkin, the marauding widow, the penniless younger son, the patient henchman who hopes one day to receive his wages: these are the figures of a comedy of intrigue which, thanks to Sheridan, travels nimbly along the borderline of virtue. A screen comes into play—but very innocuously—in the third act, followed by a garden where suspicious husbands and wives can lurk under the trees. Lord Foppington—newly rejoicing at his title, holding court, swearing modishly, leaving London for the wilds of Yorkshire, and getting caught in a fantastic plot—is a charming centre of fun; and Mr. Frith Banbury makes the most of accents and alarms. The characters, and most of the dialogue, are Vanbrugh's. *The Relapse, or Virtue in Danger* is rougher and a good deal more vigorous than this Scarborough version of it, and Sheridan's amendments are nearly all in the interests of smooth propriety. The male go-between of the original, as lecherous as a sparrow, is toned down to Mrs. Coupler, and in Foppington's delightful description of a London Sunday seeing one's friends in church and not being distracted by the sermon is removed to lay surroundings. Sheridan's prologue speaks of *The Relapse* as a play that "calls for alteration," but even more, one may feel, it calls for performance.

THE MOVIES

American War Films
"Seeds of Freedom" and "World of Plenty," at the Tatler
"None Shall Escape," at the Leicester Square
"Lady in the Dark," at the Plaza

A week before D-day I saw the first real picture of invasion. It was provided by one of three American official films and will shortly be released. The landings were made in New Britain. Naval barrage, pastings from the air, bombardment at point-blank range, smoke screens, provide the cover for barges and amphibious tanks. The first mechanised lines advance into the forest; the first stretchers begin to thread their way back. What is striking about the film (as compared, say, with our own films of the North Africa campaign) is not only the clearly defined pattern of attack, but the emphasis on losses and on the huge supply lines without which no front can be established. *The Battle of New Britain* gives us, in fact, a picture that is both realistic and orderly. Two other documentaries were shown at the same time. One, *The Memphis Belle*, provides a counterpart of *Target for To-night*. Daylight precision bombing, the aerodrome by a country church, a particular trip out and back are recorded with a lively tang and some curiously beautiful effects in crude colours. Once again, the realism impresses; rockets go up for ambulances on the waiting airdrome.

Another documentary, Paul Rotha's *World of Plenty*, makes a very welcome reappearance at Tatler. This is perhaps the best piece of propaganda English films have achieved. In the same programme *Seeds of Freedom* turns out to be none other than our old friend *Potemkin* made into a victory pie in Hollywood. The famous sequences flicker out again, heroically, but I can't recommend the American treatment, which, apart from anything else, commits the crime of affixing a sound-track to scenes that gain their effect by means of silence.

None Shall Escape depicts the guilt-trial of a high Nazi officer in Poland after the war. It is sober and dramatic, and the story of the accused man is revealed in flashbacks as the witnesses stand up to testify against him. This is the sort of theme that might easily have been made objectionable. The treatment is restrained, but so too, I am afraid, is our enjoyment—if that is the right word in the circumstances.

Lady in the Dark takes us happily back to the pre-war years of dream-lovers, psycho-analysis, fat fashion-magazines, and Ginger Rogers in a mess. With this film she joins the ranks of the inhibited; Bette Davis, I fancy, started it. Miss Rogers doesn't, thank goodness, have to start off in spectacles and tweeds, but she certainly looks unhappy and can't choose a husband. She gets analysed, and we get her dreams: wonderful affairs, in technicolor, with mist curling out of giant wedding-cakes and a male chorus on tap dressed for *Monsieur Beaucaire*. Miss Rogers dances and sings in her dreams, but is icily bossy in waking hours. Then analysis does the trick; she needs a "father"; and recognises in Ray Milland, who has wanted to be bossy all along, the perfect partner. Good advertisement, this happy ending, for psycho-analysts, and not bad entertainment. But I hope *Lady in the Dark*, with its mixture of musical comedy and interpretations, isn't going to set a fashion. I prefer my technicolor dreams straight.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

SONG BEFORE SUNRISE

(After Algernon Charles Swinburne)

I call upon all friends of freedom to stand with us now.—General Eisenhower, 6th June.

France, what of the night?
I watch and I do not sleep,
I hear deep calling to deep,
I under the ocean drowned,
I hear the storm in the height;
My help will come from the sea.
I working underground,
I know I shall rise and be free.

Holland, what of the night?
I watch in the dark and wait
In chains at the fortress gate,
The morning sky will be red.
I look for the dawning light,
I may not speak, but I hear;
The waters are over my head
But the end of the night is near.

Norway, what of the night?
I watch by the ocean wall,
I, first enslaved of all.
But my fetters will be undone,
I too shall stand in the fight,
I too, in arms at your side.
The tide is beginning to run
And who shall turn back the tide?

Belgium, what of the night?
I hear but may not reply,
I bleed but I may not cry,
What voice have the slain and the slave?
But my hand is ready to smite,
I see neither sun nor stars;
As one far under the wave
I watch through my prison bars.

Freedom, what of the night?
My glory will dazzle the sky.
The night is ending. Arise!
As billows of ocean beat,
Your pent-up floods in their might
Will burst from their bounds and be free.
The waters are rising to meet
The thunder and surge of the sea.

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Assault on
PAIN

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Correspondence

SOLDIERS' VOTE

SIR,—" Corporal's " letter confirms all that I am hearing about the small percentage of men in the Army and R.A.F. who are fulfilling the administrative requirements before they can be eligible for registration as electors.

If the civil population had to comply with similar requirements as the Services, I venture to suggest we should have a somewhat similar result as the Services are now having.

All the three Service Ministers in the House of Commons have denied any responsibility for ensuring that men and women are registered and in answer to questions we are told that no statistics are being kept as to how many men and women are registering. If this is the position at home, what is it going to be like abroad where the troops are actively engaged ?

The weakness lies in the provisions of the Parliament (Elections and Meeting) Act 1943. Under this Act, a duty is imposed on the Registration Officer to compile a list of civilian voters but the initiative in so far as Service voters are concerned lies with the individual men and women themselves. If a Commanding Officer does not provide the necessary Army Form B2626 or the individual does not ask for one, which has to be attested by an officer, the Service voter cannot be placed on the Register.

The Admiralty, Army Council or Air Council may say that it is no business of theirs whether the men and women under their control register. All they need do is to call the attention of the Service men and women to the facilities which exist and to supply the necessary Army Forms. But I venture to express the opinion that if any large proportion of the Forces find themselves deprived of the right to vote at the next election, considerable discontent will result, especially if conscription is an issue at the election.

House of Commons. F. J. BELLENGER

SIR,—" Corporal " writing on the Soldiers' Vote in your issue of May 27th, paints a very true picture of the prevalent political apathy in the Forces (and outside) that is so disturbing to-day.

I would venture to suggest, however, that the third conclusion drawn by him ; i.e., to the effect that every thinking soldier should insist on the distribution of Army Forms, B2626 and explain their vital nature to his fellows is not at all a task that can be tackled so easily or successfully as he seems to think.

In my unit, too, the form was pretty generally unheard of until an article of mine in the Regimental Newspaper drew attention to it and stressed its importance. Now, I am glad to say, R.H.Q have indented for a supply, but I do not pretend to be able to push it down the throat of the men if they are not interested.

In my opinion, this should come under the A.B.C.A. discussion periods, when it should be the duty of the officer in charge to see that every man thoroughly understands just what he is signing, and why.

Political education is what is lacking, not more Army Forms, and that is where the A.B.C.A. lets us down badly, good as it is in its own particular subjects. To use perhaps a justifiable simile, we must learn how to hold a rifle before we may fire it.

Somerset. GUNNER J.B.

HUMAN REHABILITATION

SIR,—Physiotherapist's letter was highly informative, but the kind of treatment he describes does not carry medicine as far into the social field as it will have to go. I am not a doctor ; if I were, I doubt whether I would be so acutely conscious of the social and economic aspects of the rehabilitation problem.

The most critical stage in the treatment of a maimed man surely begins when he leaves the Rehabilitation Centre and re-enters a normal environment. The ability of the incapacitated person to fit into the life from which he has been separated for years depends partly upon the treatment he has received at the hands of the P.T. instructor, the physiotherapist and the psychotherapist, and partly, upon the nature of the occupation he is given. My major point is that if this occupation does not meet, in a high degree, his psychological needs, then the work of the experts will have been largely in vain.

After the last war, the attitude to the maimed was eleemosynary in the worst sense. It was better, it was thought, for a poor wretch to be a doorkeeper—whatever his aptitude—than to live in idle poverty. It was not realised that the boredom which such jobs entail is a serious danger to the normal individual and that it might, in the case of the maimed, lead to the gradual disintegration of character.

Some of the large mass-producers have so divided up their processes that of, say a thousand, operations, ten could be performed by legless men, five by armless men, three by the blind and so on. This was often hailed as a tremendous service to humanity. The treadmill, formerly a method of torturing criminals, became in the twentieth century a reward for losing both arms in the nation's service.

In brief, my conclusion is this : in finding an occupation for a maimed man, the economic test should not be applied. If, by their skill, the experts can train a man to a craft which gives him a sense of purpose and achievement, he should be allowed to follow that occupation regardless of the fact that his labour may be uneconomic. He should not be left to compete for jobs with whole men. The criteria should relate solely to the man's mental and mental needs and the burden of this uneconomic labour should be borne by society.

One final word to avert possible misunderstanding : the treatment advocated here should not be handed out ceremoniously as a reward of heroism. There is some element of truth in the statements of those " heroes " who say that they simply did their appointed job of work. No, treatment should be given in accordance with need and not a controversial merit. If Mr. Morrison has his way, we shall soon be regarding many criminals as cases in need of treatment at the public expense. Is it too much to ask the community to be equally enlightened in this other direction and to shoulder its responsibilities to the men who have borne the brunt of its folly ?

DAVID ROGERSON

THE FEDERAL PRINCIPLE

SIR,—Under the heading " Quis Custodiet," you raise among other pertinent questions the issue of European Federation.

It is obvious, as Field Marshal Smuts and Sir Walter Layton have both recently pointed out, that unless and until the question of Europe is settled, nothing is settled. You pose the question as to how much of Europe is to be included in the European Federation that many of us advocate. My own answer would be as follows :—

(1) The first point to be decided is where the Western boundary of Russia is to come. It should be decided if the Atlantic Charter means anything, which one begins to doubt, by the holding of plebiscites under international control among all the peoples in the border territories.

(2) Again, if the Atlantic Charter means anything, every liberated European people will be given the opportunity of deciding for itself its future form of " democratic " government. (Query : As used by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in their declaration, does this include a Soviet form of government ?) It is obvious that small States which cannot defend themselves against aggression by stronger neighbours are a danger to peace and must be included in a larger defence unit. It therefore follows that every Eastern European State must decide whether it wishes to join the European or the Soviet Union.

(3) The peace settlement with Germany must be

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such that it will continue to work when the victors have got tired of working it. This means that long-term occupation and subjection will not work if imposed, because inevitably they will be relaxed after ten years or so. A regenerated Germany contained in a European federation allowing no national arms to any federating State and providing equality of economic opportunity to every federating people is therefore the only answer to the German problem, since the German people could thus live and prosper without ever again being able to menace their neighbours.

(4) Britain's security depends on membership of the European Federation, since otherwise the Federation might at some future date be organised against her. We are vulnerable from Europe unless we are part of Europe. Incidentally our position is quite different from that of the Soviet Union which has within its own federal boundaries everything needed to make up a twentieth century Great Power.

(5) The centuries-old European peoples will never consent to exclusion from participation in major world affairs. Through a European Federation they could become collectively one of the pillars of the new World Organisation, sharing in the common defence and development of Europe and jointly providing a contribution to the World Police Force.

My answer, therefore, to the area of the European Federation would be—the whole of Europe west of the Russian border, wherever that may be, including Great Britain and Germany, to be set up in the peace settlement after a long enough interim period of reconstruction to allow the peoples of Europe to set up democratic systems of government, enabling them to elect members to a federal parliament, thus assuming common responsibility for matters of common European concern.

1 Alvanley Gardens, N.W.6. F. L. JOSEPHY

TRAINING OF TEACHERS

SIR,—If his words mean anything, Mr. Record holds that because Scottish Universities have a relatively large number of graduates, they have lowered "present standards"—that is, the standards prevailing in England, where the number of graduates is relatively small.

In his first letter he supported this by saying that in Scotland "there are degrees of very low standard." Since the same is true of all universities—including Oxford and Cambridge—this argument takes him nowhere.

In his second letter he followed this up, if I understand him rightly, by comparing the amount of physics studied as one of many subjects for a Scottish *pass* degree with the amount of physics studied in London, in the first year of a student who is taking an *honours* degree in physics. This kind of comparison can prove anything. If he will compare like with like—Scottish pass degrees with English pass degrees, for example, in Oxford—he will find that in this respect at least Scotland is ahead of England.

He supports his view further by an *a priori* argument. According to him, the advanced or specialised study of one or two subjects is always a better training than a less advanced study of five of six subjects.

In spite of his confident assertion, there are many, including myself, who believe that a pass degree of several subjects is a far better training for many students than the highly specialised study into which they are forced by the present system. For a man of average ability who is not going in for research or university teaching, but for business or elementary teaching the Scottish system is much more educative. Indeed, while the attainment of the minimum standard for a pass, there as elsewhere, offers no great obstacle to a man of some ability and perseverance, the work for the different classes can tax the energies, and arouse the interest, of absolutely first-class men. We have nothing like this in Oxford, and I only wish we had.

I agree with Mr. Record that as the number of undergraduates increases, we must guard against the danger of lowering standards. But this obvious truth is not made more acceptable by misleading statements about Scottish universities.

H. J. PATON
(White's Professor of Moral Philosophy)

14, Merton Street,
Oxford.

CLERICAL DISCIPLINE

SIR,—The article by the Rev. Gilbert Cope and the letter of Mr. Higginson raise important issues for those of us who have repudiated the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England. The Church is a national institution and, in the past, questions of discipline have been referred to the law courts. As a result, its comprehensiveness has been preserved, broad churchmen have been enabled to retain their position, and it has been difficult to remove an incumbent whose advanced political views have upset the more reactionary of his parishioners. As the Church is largely populated by the more narrowly conservative type of layman, the preservation of the incumbent's political freedom is a vital matter; there must be few Socialistic clergymen who have not had the experience of attack from the ordinary parishioner.

The suggested measures make discipline an ecclesiastical issue and involve the removal of these cases to Church courts. If the Church of England were disestablished, it would have a perfect right to treat the matter as a domestic concern. While it remains, in theory, the church of the nation, there is a serious anomaly in permitting it to possess legal tribunals distinct from the national courts and likely to act in a highly partisan manner. One can only trust that the general population—some 90 per cent. of whom dissent from the Church in one form or another—will either demand disestablishment or their full rights of control over the Established Church. Personally I would suggest that to attempt "discipline" before far-reaching and necessary doctrinal reformation is to befog the issues and to increase the large measure of episcopal autocracy already existing within the National Church.

There is one further point. In Convocation this week, both the Bishops of Bristol and Derby have been bewailing the fact that the better type of graduate does not now take Holy Orders as a general rule. References to Goldwin Smith and Lecky show this to have been an increasing state since the eighteen-sixties. It is unlikely that they will be encouraged by measures which would put their freedom under still further measures of control, would limit liberty of thought and expression, and would give a ready handle to the more reactionary among their parishioners. Nor is it likely that the more intelligent will be attracted to the State Church so long as efficiency is put before intelligent enquiry in matters of doctrine and creed. Under the new measures, Bishop Colenso would certainly have lost his bishopric and I doubt whether Conrad Noel would not have had trouble. My own query is whether this body shall be permitted to continue to act as the norm of English religion whilst it takes a highly sectarian view in practice and teaching or whether the real issue for the ordinary Englishman is not to press for disestablishment and to leave the Church of England to settle its domestic problems how it will with reference to the tiny minority who still adhere to its teaching and services.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Amid this medley, it was no easy matter to find one's way to a chair without stumbling over a prostrate folio, or the still more awkward mischance of overturning some piece of Roman or ancient British pottery. And when the chair was attained, it had to be disencumbered, with a careful hand, of engravings which might have received damage, and of antique spurs and buckles, which would certainly have occasioned it to any sudden occupant. Of this the Antiquary made Lovel particularly aware, adding that his friend, the Rev. Doctor Heavysterne from the Low Countries, had sustained much injury by sitting down suddenly and incautiously on three ancient calthrops, or crawtaes, which had been lately dug up in the bog near Bannockburn. . . .

To cross the Border and make a frontal attack upon the works of Scott, a line as dug in and encumbered as the Antiquary's study, to be caught up once more in the nagging of the Scottish dialect, is a daunting business. Infiltration, leaving the major bastions for another time, seems the more hopeful tactics. Lately I have been reading *The Antiquary* because there Scott pokes fun at his own antiquarianism, and in Jonathan Oldbuck has recollected a delightful comic character. After *The Antiquary* I made for some of the shorter novels. *The Black Dwarf*, first of all, because it shows Scott sublimating the mental suffering he incurred from his own physical deformity; and finally I turned to the short tales in *The Chronicles of the Canongate*. One of these tales, *The Two Drovers*, seems to me to be among the supreme short stories of our language. Reading that tale, one longs to rid the mind of all its confused boyhood memories of Scott. They are the memories of surfeit. One longs to forget that fevered reading of him in the darkest corner of the room, and to measure him for the first time in the light. For Scott belongs to that very small group of British novelists—Fielding, Jane Austen are the chief of them—who are grown up. They do not cry for the moon. I do not mean that to be grown up is the first requirement of genius; but, short of the great illuminating madness, there is something sustaining and assuring about those novelists who are not perturbed that human life is a thing which is bounded by unsought limits, by interests as well as by hopes, and ripens under material restriction. They accept. They think it their duty to accept.

The chief error of our boyhood reading of Scott is, I fancy, the easy assumption that Scott is primarily an historical novelist. There is more reason to think of him as a comic writer. We would make a similar kind of error about Defoe, Fielding or Richardson if we took them at their word and believed that their chief aim was to reform morals. The historical passion of Scott or the moral passion of these other novelists was the engine of their impulse. Where that engine took them is another matter. Hazlitt saw this when, in his too drastic way, he said that Scott was interested in half of life only: in the past of man and not in what he might become; and Hazlitt went to the length of thinking Godwin's *Falkland* fit to be compared with *Waverley*. But Scott's history meant simply his preoccupation with what is settled—and, after all, a great deal is settled for better or worse, in human life and character. One might even see in Scott's history the lame man's determination to impose and ennoble normality. The feuds of the clans are done with, the bloody wars of the Border are over, Jacobitism is a mere sentiment notable for its ironical inconsistencies as well as its heroic gestures. A period has ended and, for a novelist, there is no more favourable moment. Now he can survey. Scott gazes upon it all like a citizen who has dressed up. Now vicariously he can be physically heroic; but the real result of the historical impulse is not history but an immense collection of small genre pieces, a huge gallery of town and country faces in their inns, their kitchens, their hovels, their farms and their rambling houses. And the painting of them is as circumstantial, as middle-class—in the anti-romantic sense—and as non-aristocratic as anything of Hogarth's. Scott does not revive the past or escape into it; he assimilates it for his own time and for his own prejudices. He writes like a citizen. He asserts the normal man, the man who has learned to live with his evil; what his evil might have done with him can be guessed from the grotesque declamations of *The Black Dwarf*, the creature who cuts himself off from mankind.

The Black Dwarf is not a good novel. There are lumps of unreality in it. The bad things are the chief drama, and this points to Scott's obvious fault as a novelist. He has an immense memory and the necessary taste for improving on memory. He has the power to present the outside of a character and to work from the outside to the inside. Once inside, he discovers only what is generic. He has, I would say, no power to work from the inside to the outer man. There is nothing feminine in him. So the black dwarf is excellent when he is seen as local recollection, a piece of Border hearsay, and no one surpasses Scott in portraying that tortured head, with its deep-sunken pinpoint eyes, the almost legless and hairy little body with its huge feet, and the enormous voice that issues from the abortion. But when we come to the mind of this tortured creature, when he speaks, what we get is not horror, but a dreary, savage Calvinist lecture. The black dwarf's misanthropy is like an exercise. There is a complete breakdown of the imagination: compare this story with Turgenev's *Lear of the Steppes*. I suspect that as we continued our rediscovery of Scott we would often find that the chief drama of the novels breaks down in this way, for the great protagonists of fiction begin from the inside of a writer. One is inclined to divide the Scott characters into two classes: the secondary and minor ones who are real and are truly recollected, the children of his wonderful memory; and the major ones who are the awkward, stage figures of an imagination that is cut off from the sap of life. To go back to Hazlitt: Scott lacked a vital sense, the sense of what people may become. His history was not real history. It was the antique.

I turn to *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, the tales of the second series, to see whether my last sentence is too sweeping. There is *The Highland Widow*. Here is real history—but, you notice at once—history without costume. History in the rags of the people. The widow's husband has been a bandit, the Robin Hood of a clan that has almost died out. Her son perceives that times have changed; he enlists in the army which was once his father's enemy. The mother is appalled by the disgrace and plots to restore her son to a life of crime. The tragedy which is enacted springs from the clash of two orders of virtue, and the virtue of one age has become the vice of the age that succeeds it. There is no dialect in this story. It is heroic and not Hogarthian. It is the kind of thing that Mérimée and Pushkin took from Scott. And here, better than in his more elaborate compositions, we see the mark of Scott's genius as a story-teller. I say nothing of the suspense of which he is always a master; I am thinking of his power of suggesting the ominous, the footsteps of fate coming to meet one on the road. Frequently Scott used the supernatural and the hints of second sight to get this effect, and they are all the more effective for being explained as the domestic beliefs of his characters which the author himself hesitates to accept. But in *The Highland Widow* we come upon one of those real omens, one of those chance remarks made by a stranger which have another meaning to the one who hears. It is a device much used by Hardy. In Scott's story, you remember, the young soldier has been drugged by his fanatical mother so that he shall not return to his regiment. The boy wakes up and rushes out to find what day of the week it is, for he fears more than anything else the degradation of his honour. The first person he meets is a minister, who replies: "Had you been where you should have been yesterday, young man, you would have known that it was God's Sabbath." The two meanings of those words mark the crisis of the tale, and after looking back upon it one realises how ingenious and masterly has been the construction of a simple story. The end we could foresee; the means we could not, and it is in the means that Scott always shows the power of a master.

It is less the business of the novelist to tell us what happened than to show how it happened. The best things in Scott arise out of the characters. He especially understands, as I said before, the generic differences between people. He understands the difference between the fisherman and the farmer, the shepherd and the drover, and so on. He understands, in other words, what all ordinary, simple, observant men know about one another: the marks of their trade, their town, their family. (His view of women is that of the simple man: he knows them by their habits in the house. In love he does not know them at all.) The tale called *The Two Drovers* is a fine example of Scott's watchfulness of male character. The honour of Robin, the Highland drover, seems to be quaint silliness to Wakefield, the stolid Yorkshireman; the sense and fair play of Wakefield, who cannot believe that enmity will survive a little amateur boxing, are meaningless to the Highlander. Each is reasonable—but in a different way. The clash when it comes is tragic: again two kinds of virtue are irreconcilable. The scene in the inn is wonderfully true to the men there, and the talk slips naturally off their clumsy tongues. Wakefield has challenged Robin to fight with his fists. Robin can't see how this will mend a quarrel.

> Harry Wakefield dropped the hand of his friend or rather threw it from him.
>
> "I did not think I had been keeping company for three years with a coward."
>
> "Coward pelongs to none of my name," said Robin, whose eyes began to kindle, but keeping the command of his temper. "It was no coward's legs or hands, Harry Waakfelt, that drew you out of the fords of Frew, when you was drifting ower the plack rock, and every eel in the river expected his share of you."
>
> "And that is true enough, too," said the Englishman, struck by the appeal.
>
> "Adzooks!" exclaimed the bailiff—"sure Harry Wakefield, the nattiest lad at Whitson Tryste, Wooler Fair, Carlisle Sands, or Stagshaw Bank, is not going to show white feather? Ah, this comes of living so long with kilts and bonnets—men forget the use of their daddles."
>
> "I may teach you, Master Fleecebumpkin, that I have not lost the use of mine," said Wakefield, and then went on. "This will never do, Robin. We must have a turn-up, or we shall be the talk of the countryside. I'll be d——d if I hurt thee—I'll put on the gloves gin thou like. Come, stand forward like a man!"
>
> "To be peaten like a dog," said Robin, "is there any reason in that? If you think I have done you wrong, I'll go before your shudge, though I neither know his law nor his language."
>
> A general cry of "No, no—no law, no lawyer, a bellyful and be friends," was echoed by the bystanders.
>
> "But," continued Robin, "if I am to fight, I have no skill to fight like a jackanapes, with hands and nails."

And here once more the agent of tragedy is moving slowly down the road towards the two friends—the drover who is carrying Robin's dirk for him, to keep him out of trouble and to circumvent the fate that was foretold at the beginning of the story.

Except in the outbursts of *The Black Dwarf*, Scott appears to see evil as a fatality which ensues from the nature of the times. The civil wars have made men narrow and ruthless, and he writes at the end of an era, surveying the broken scene and pleading for tolerance. The crimes in *The Chronicles of the Canongate* are "errors of the understanding," not examples of absolute wickedness. When we turn to *The Antiquary* we meet another side of his talent: his humour. I wonder how many of those who, like myself, had not read Scott since their schooldays will recall that Scott is one of the great comic writers?

It is not a purely Scottish humour, depending on the canniness of the speaker or on a continuous sly, nervous snigger, or on the grotesque and pawky asides of dialect. Scott's humour, like his best prose, is cross-bred with the English eighteenth century. Sterne and Fielding have put red blood into it. A character like Jonathan Oldbuck does not make thin jokes down his nose, but stands solidly and aglow beside all the well-found comics of our literature. The secret is that Scott's animal spirits are high, as Fielding's were. I have always enjoyed that strange scene in the early pages of *The Antiquary* in which Oldbuck supervises the rescue of the foolish, snobbish, bankrupt, treasure-hunting Sir Arthur, and his stick of a daughter, from the rising tide. A chair has been lowered over the cliff's edge in the storm, and by the light of torches the lady is heaved up first.

Once that is over, Scott is manifestly relieved and can let himself go. Jonathan Oldbuck, who has only an hour before been snubbed by the angry baronet, now watches the men heave the scarcely conscious gentleman up the rock:

> "Right, right, that's right, too—I should like to see the son of Sir Gamelyn de Guardover on dry land myself—I have a notion he would sign the abjuration oath, and the Ragman-roll to boot, and acknowledge Queen Mary to be nothing better than she should be, to get alongside my bottle of old port that he ran away from, and left scarce begun. But he's safe now, and here a'comes—(for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part)—Here a'comes—bowse away, my boys!—canny wi' him—a pedigree of a hundred links is hanging on a tenpenny tow—the whole barony of Knockwinnock depends on three plies of hemp—*respice finem, respice funem*—look to your end—look to the rope's end."

I find I can read about half of *The Antiquary* and enjoy the flavours of what I read. After that I skip through the preposterous plot and willingly leave the wooden Lovell and the disdainful Miss Wardour to the pleasure of talking like public statues to each other. In one respect it must be admitted they do surpass modern lovers. Severely regulated by their families and by circumstance, these older couples—how shall I put it?—well, they seem obliged to know their subject. The obstacles to love ensure that.

But the chief impression one carries away from the three books I have mentioned is, I suppose, of having travelled. All Scott's novels are on the move. The incidents occur on the road. One is conscious of a novelist who is scouring the country, industriously collecting his material, packing his notebooks. One is aware—Scott is proud of this—of a huge process of documentation. That is always the note. Every milestone gives a twist to character or story. We are travellers, not static recipients of romance; and we are more aware of the roads, the inns, the farms, the towns, than we are of the great drama whatever it may be. We are not escapists. It cannot truthfully be said of Scott that he escaped into a feudal past. Rather, his taste for the feudal past gave him the chance to record the common life of his people. At least that is what he did with most lasting success.

V. S. PRITCHETT

BACK TO SHAKESPEARE

From Shakespeare to Joyce. By ELMER EDGAR STOLL. *Doubleday Doran.* $3.50

One is tempted to do rather less than justice to Professor Stoll. The title and the length of his book (442 pages) suggest criticism of an embracing kind, and in this we may be disappointed. There are essays on Shakespeare and an essay on Joyce, with Milton, Browning, Tolstoy, Kipling, Restoration Comedy in between. Bits and pieces; big bits, perhaps, and useful pieces, but they don't quite fill the bill of "From . . to . . ." Then, one seems to have read the best passages before—in Professor Stoll's own *Art and Artifice in Shakespeare*, let me add, for he has never followed others, preferring indeed to be cannily contradictory. They aren't, of course, quite the same passages, but the same subjects have been prodded, aired, re-examined with the insistence of a leading scholar. These revisitations, Shakespearean for the most part, would be more pleasurable if the Professor's style were a little less downright and cumbersome. "For love his Macbeth does not murder and seize the crown, nor his Antony wage war," writes Professor Stoll. But he can hardly mean that; Macbeth *did* murder and Antony waged war. There are many such sentences that could do with clearing-up. Yet so unshakable is Professor Stoll's authority that bad writing seems almost a proof of his genuineness, and, while reading him, we brush aside the blandishments of a Coleridge: how well *he* wrote—dangerously, misleadingly well! No chance of our imagination being side-tracked by Professor Stoll; everything, with him, is four-square, prosaic to the point of insensibility. Of the two kinds of criticism, intuitive and objective, his belongs ruggedly to the second. He is barely concerned with Shakespeare's poetry as such. Dramatic intention and effect, character, actors, audience—yes, on these he has a great deal to say that is acute and valuable. When a point is in doubt—the character of Hamlet, for example—he goes back to Shakespeare's text and times and audience. That is his originality, to have restored for us, so far as the years will allow, a structure that had been unceasingly overlaid. Hamlet? His belief in ghosts, his duty to a murdered father and fear of the supernatural, his assumed madness, his conventional scruples, presented no difficulties to Shakespeare's age, or indeed to Johnson's. And what is true of Hamlet—that we have saddled a poetic creation with our own psychological problems—applies more or less to all the great Shakespearean characters. Shylock has been made into a tragic figure, Falstaff redeemed from cowardice; motives are ascribed to Macbeth and Othello, whereas they have none. Not motive, says Professor Stoll, but the situation, is all-important; and he quotes the first scene of *Lear* as an example of Shakespearean improbability that comes off. The essays on these points in *From Shakespeare to Joyce* are masterly in the scraping and reducing way of this critic. All he says is incontrovertible; and yet, and yet——

Professor Stoll, fleeing from the elaborations of scholars and critics, appeals more than once to the natural good sense of the playgoer. But what playgoer of to-day has the eyes and ears of an Elizabethan? That's what it comes to. No doubt we complicate and distort Shakespeare, but the simplicity demanded by Professor Stoll could be attained only by the most artificial of pretences. "Going back," in that sense—as with morris dancing and the clavichord—is the kind of retrogression enjoyed exclusively by experts. The chief objection to Professor Stoll's argument is that to be perfectly natural one has to have studied Professor Stoll. Other snags arise: we must also, it seems, pretend we are seeing the plays for the first time, or what will come to that *optique du théâtre* (surprise, immediacy, etc.) so beloved of this critic? He demands of us an impossible innocence; all, I believe, because of the belief expressed on the first page of *From Shakespeare to Joyce*: "A work of art does not (miraculously) change as the criticism changes." Not miraculously, perhaps, but change it does, every decade; it may increase, or it may die; for every work of art has to be interpreted by its recipient, and if this is true, as I believe, of *Paradise Lost* or *Don Quixote*, how much truer of Shakespeare's tragedies which are remoulded at every performance. The creation of a work of art does not

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d with the author's finis; posterity's intention, well as Shakespeare's, must be taken into count. It may be that future generations will ject the psychological Hamlet that holds the age to-day, but if so, it will come about through rger changes of life and taste, and not through reverence for Elizabethan attitudes.

Professor Stoll's adherence to fixed perspectives akes him a doubtful critic of his contemporaries. this volume he generalises at times about odern novels, plays, films, but his attention is reerved for the great masterpieces, and he chooses ften the worst plays and films to comment pon. His attack on "the moderns," and on oyce in particular, is well-formulated: one otices that dislike of the present is accompanied y a preference for even the minor virtues of fty years ago, and that a discussion on realism the novel ignores Flaubert.

Despite shortcomings, this miscellaneous volume ontains a number of essays on Shakespeare, Milton and Restoration Comedy in which Prossor Stoll has dug away and made new finds on is favourite sites. Given his own ground, he one of the most valuable of living critics; his e-discovery of Shakespeare has caused important djustments to be made in modern scholarship. t remains to be seen whether, with Coleridge, Goethe and Bradley on the other side, he will ucceed in converting readers and audiences to his liehard view.

G. W. STONIER

THE GREAT MORAL MUDDLE

Morality and Happiness. By LAN FREED. *Williams and Norgate.* 5s.

This book is distinguished by precisely those irtues which we have grown accustomed least o expect in the books of women and philosophers; t is witty and it is short. Mrs. Freed is an dmirably concise writer; her words always ell and frequently bite—as one frequently bitten myself, I make full avowal of her mordancy. These are rare virtues in a philosopher, while the heses that she supports, namely, that human beings desire happiness not goodness, and that t is better to be clever than stupid, have rarely found favour with women at any time and are particularly unpopular with both sexes at the present time. We live in an heroic age in which o want to be happy and to be proud of being clever are tantamount to confessions of guilt. Mrs. Freed defines the condition of being happy as one "in which the feeling of satisfaction, however produced, is present either more often, or with more intensity, or both, than is the feeling of dissatisfaction." She then sets out to show that "all voluntary acts are performed in conformity with the pursuit of happiness and avoidance of unhappiness, and no motives incompatible with these aims are at all conceivable." Her position differs from that of most hedonists who maintain either that we are so constituted that we *can* only desire our own happiness, or that we *ought* to desire it because happiness is the only thing that is good, in one important respect; she admits that we *do* desire things other than happiness, provided that we think they are not incompatible with happiness. Mrs. Freed thinks that most hedonists would concede that what we consciously desire is not pleasure, but "those things which" upon consideration "we should regard as likely to give us pleasure." I do not believe that she is right in thinking that most hedonists have held this position, but it is at any rate the position that she herself holds. She sums it up by saying "that it is impossible for the individual to desire on any given occasion anything else but that which he desires." Agreed; but this is a truism. If I desire to hear a Mozart quartet, I desire "that which I desire" but it does not, therefore, follow that I desire pleasure; and if I can desire music without conscious thought of the pleasure it may bring me, why not rightness or virtue? Mrs. Freed bridles at this suggestion which she calls "the Great Moral Muddle," indicting *it* as responsible for much human error and misery. She defines it as the belief that we "sometimes do that which we do not want to do from a sense of *moral obligation* which makes us want to do it, although we do not, in fact, want to do it." Briefly, Mrs. Freed's criticism of the Great Moral Muddle consists in pointing out that the moral sense is a motive force in the agent and, as such, expresses itself in its own distinctive brood of desires among which the desire to act rightly is the most important. Now this, she points out, is still a desire and aims, therefore, presumably at that which will give us satisfaction, the satisfaction of acting rightly.

Moreover, the pull of moral obligation involves the conception of a moral law existing independently of ourselves. Mrs. Freed points out, rightly in my view, that if such a law exists, it must be the product of a will and related to a purpose, namely, the will and purpose of God. Therefore, the obligation to do right or to act as we ought turns out on analysis to be the motive to act in accordance with God's will. But this "provides no real way of escape from the happiness-motive since it can influence a person's actions only to the extent that it furnishes an effective motive—the motive of obeying the Will." In point of fact Mrs. Freed does not, so far as I can see, believe either in the higher moral law or in God's will; her concern is to show that those who do believe in them are not by reason of their beliefs exempt from the operation of the happiness-motive.

She has much that is interesting to say about the origin of these beliefs, pointing out, for example, the compensation they afford us for the conviction of our own powerlessness, by assuring us that when we are doing what we dislike but cannot help we are, in fact, doing the bidding of some superior Being who will reward us for our obedience to His will. Unconsciously we comfort ourselves for our powerlessness with the assurance that "if we cannot be happy, we can at least be good."

All that Mrs. Freed has to say on the importance of happiness I cordially endorse. Thus I read, "Morality says: 'Be good and you will be happy'; (i.e. Do what you don't want to do and the result will surprise you!). The amoralist will base his sermons on the text. Find out how to be happy and you will not have to bother about being good." And I want to cheer.

Yet the philosophical basis upon which this admirable advice is founded seems to me unsound. It is not merely that Mrs. Freed gives the hedonist game away by the admission that we can desire things other than happiness; more damaging is the fallacy in her treatment of the Great Moral Muddle, a fallacy arising from her inability to distinguish between qualitatively different kinds of desire. This comes out in her statement that the "desire to act rightly is still a desire." No doubt it is, if you decide to use the word "desire" in this particular sense. But so to use it is to give the word so wide a connotation that it ceases to have any distinctive meaning, pre-supposing, as this usage does, that the desire to perform an unpleasant duty is psychologically of the same class and ethically on all fours with the desire for sexual satisfaction. The point is crucial. Use the word "desire" only in the distinctive sense proper to it, and it is difficult to answer the contention that we only "desire" pleasure; but

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if we do use it in this narrow sense, then we have to admit that there are other motives for action besides "desire," and that one of these may be the consciousness of moral obligation. But I don't want to pull long philosophical faces at this merry little ethical *jeu d'esprit*.

C. E. M. JOAD

A CZECH POET

The Wounds of the Apostles. Poems by FRED MARNAU, translated by ERNST SIGLER. *Grey Walls Press.* 7s. 6d.

There is a certain responsibility attached to welcoming a new poet, especially one who writes in a foreign language. One sets in motion a laborious process of critical adjustment which continues until the poet is dismissed or approximately established. This process may be a painful one for the poet himself. One is also being unfair to other poets who may have claims to be recognised. This consideration is particularly important in criticising the work of a refugee.

A paragraph of digression will explain Marnau's background. He is a Czech writer, born in Bratislava in 1918, and writing in German, although he is acquainted with Czech and Hungarian. Before Munich, he took some part in broadcasting anti-Nazi propaganda. He came over here shortly before the war. In June 1940, our Government offered him the hospitality of solitary confinement, lasting for several months, in several prisons. Since then, he has been employed in the position of clerk in a commercial firm. It is to the credit of the small group of poets connected with the Grey Walls Press, and to his loyal friend and translator, Ernst Sigler, that he has been paid the attention due to a poet of distinction, and that his work has now been published.

It is impossible to read Marnau's poems, even in translation, without being impressed by the pressure of a landscape and an atmosphere which seem to be this poet's spiritual environment. This Carpathian landscape is fertilised with the senses, with human passion, and with religious awe. The trinity of landscape, Christ and a wine which is both sensual and religious, are present in every poem. To take a simple example:

> Tears of the Saviour falling,
> warm and sad, on the linden trees
> and the black hat of the shepherd.
> Now the flock will soon be moving
> up to the light. And the wind
> speaks, recognising,
> with the curly hair of the sheep.
> The ice's passion lets loose
> the wrists, and even the crown of thorns
> will flower with grace.
> And at evening the world is transformed
> into stillness full of wonder, and
> the tender grass becomes again
> ancient and cool.
> The near sky, nibelungen-red,
> holds high its heart, full of apprehension.

Again, to give an example of the quality of the German:

> Ich geh des Abends oft in Weingeländen.
> So leise ist nur Duft der Brüste,
> wie der Geruch von Tod in Trinklegenden,
> wie diese Glut im Windlicht und im Rauschgelüste.

The theme of many of Marnau's poems is the cultivation of joy by a suffering which is like the plough in the land, the thorn in the flesh. That the emergent mystical joy is wholly convincing and triumphant gives these poems their peculiar intensity, which owes too little, perhaps, to the form, which is sometimes lumpy.

In an immediately attractive poem called *My Cousin Maccabeus*, the poet contrasts the successes of his popular and superficial cousin with the fate which plunges him (the poet) into the misfortunes of the time. The insensitive conviviality of the cousin is conveyed in a series of brilliant pictures, which begin with this summary of his biography:

> My cousin Maccabeus, tall and strong
> born in the backroom of a grocer's shop
> on some obscure town's market square,
> knows well the story of the audacious
> massacres of all times and he remembers
> the famous kings and all their ladies.

We, the readers, know this cousin Maccabeus who "in high spirits splashes, gargles in southern waters, laughingly boxes the jaws of the sharks, not heeding teeth, hunger, venom"; we know him, not as we know his type whose photograph appears every day in the newspapers, but as we know our own blood and bones. In contrast with him, the poet is "seized with confusion," and wears his "wreath of thistles." However, what is more to the point is the great change which occurs in the poet, causing him to resemble "the fool among ruins of animal eyes, flowers, hearts," and to "sing into the night my Kyrie eleison, Christe, Christe eleison."

This also is the faith which sustains his saints in the grave and memorable series of poems called *The Wounds of the Apostles*.

Fred Marnau's poetry has texture, deep feeling, powerful imagination, and effective diction. The diction would perhaps be stronger if the poems had a more pleasing form. His danger is that the texture of his thought and imagination is all of one rich, heavily brocaded kind, which he can cut off, long or broad, so many inches or feet of it at a time, to make a poem. This is the danger of every writer who lives in a world of his own imagination, unless he applies a very strict discipline to his form, as Walter de la Mare does. It is a danger with Rilke, for example, that his later poems tend to be so many yards of the well-known Rilke *Weltanschauung*. The greatness of Stefan George lies in his passion for making poems that are not just stuff, but stone.

If this young Czech writer succeeds in writing poems that are poems as well as being examples of Marnau, his countrymen may have a poet here of European stature.

STEPHEN SPENDER

CANADIAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Down North. By TONY ONRAET. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
Overture to Life. By JOHN MICHAEL TOWNEND. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

The scene is familiar. The great forests and wastes of Northern Canada, red-coated Mounties, sled-dogs, and prospectors—all the paraphernalia for the mixture as before. But where is Errol Flynn, or Samuel Goldwyn? Where is the lovely half-breed Indian girl and why are not the Mounties industriously getting their men? Simply because Mr. Tony Onraet knows his territory so well that any resemblance between a character in *Down North* and any film actor is "purely coincidental." At one point, the author says he wants to "put things right about wolves." He does more, he puts things right about the whole area, makes his country a credible place, and all the more interesting because of its reality.

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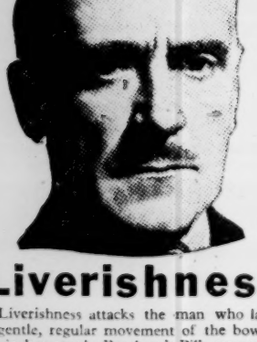

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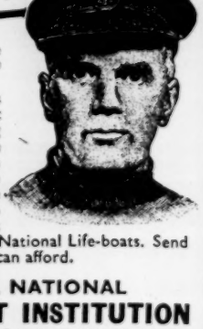

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I am glad to say that so far this year the company's trading is being well maintained.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

en Tony Onraet suddenly knows what he nts to do, he buys all the necessary gear (work d money seem peculiarly easy to acquire) and s out on his own to become a trapper.

The author at once knew that he had dis-ered his real way of life and that discovery clear in his book. He talks—and he speaks her than writes—about the many small facts his daily life until they total up to a large d complete existence. He has the keen eyes the trapper and has used them with pleasure note the wild life around him. The chapters beaver, caribou, moose, wolves and wolverines, author describing the latter as the meanest, rcest and fastest of all, are skilful and excel-tly detailed accounts of their manners and culiarities. His chapter on dogs is more, for loved these. His first dog, a bitch, bred lf-strain and as she was a good worker he cided to preserve the strain by mating her ularly and ingeniously with wolves. The ulting families were more than strong sled-s, they were dogs with definite and clear-cut aracter, each an individual to be understood art from his fellows and treated accordingly. ey seem to have relished their work and even have shared their owner's excitements and pressions, even at times to have criticised his rtcomings as a trapper. However, lest it thought that both the author and I are senti-ental and see only the good in dogs, I add a ry. One trapper lost himself:

> The dogs were found a fortnight after Archie ad thrown his hands up. They had stayed by is body, and those alive were at their last gasp. . . . husky-dog will never of his own accord leave is master, alive or dead. . . . This famished alf-mad team of his had chewed up their harness n a desperate attempt to lessen their hunger . . . nd then partly eaten him also.

Down North has a few rough corners, here and re it loses its way but, even then, while far m his proper trail, the author generally finds nething interesting to record. The actual rording lacks grace perhaps, but grace would any case be unsuitable. The style is blunt d colloquially straightforward. It is the nner for such a book, an honest, unpre-tious style that must obviously have given writer pleasure.

Overture to Life has a little in common with *n North*, two points, in fact; both authors in uniform, and both books deal with North erica. Mr. Townend is now an officer in Fleet Air Arm; when he wrote his book he was a trainee in Canada and America. He tells here the story of his training and of his sightseeing. The latter is inclined to swamp the former and I was continually impressed (with no desire to emulate) by his determined efforts to "see the sights" wherever he went. No moment was too short. Half an hour before the train leaves? Mr. Townend is off at a good gallop, guide book in hand, and is soon busily jotting his impressions and, unfortunately, too often uninspired and familiar comments. The Baedeker habit is the author's main fault, however, and has rewarding points, for his complete picture gives an excellent view of wartime America. He has noted all the small details which most people would have entirely overlooked, he has even noted the prices of the minutest articles of no value. His travels while training took him to many parts of the country and he has examined each part through an inquisitive eye-glass. Sometimes, perhaps unfairly, one feels too that he has been very careful to see the "right" things.

His book improves greatly when he writes about flying. He was interested and excited by it, was, to use the Service adjective, "keen." And by virtue of this keenness he reads as though it has not occurred to him that his readers might not share his enthusiasm from the start. Because of this condition the reader does share with him—and with pleasure. It is a pity that he has allowed his sightseeing diary to run away with him. However, Mr. Townend is young, and it seems certain that another book will follow this one. In the next, perhaps, he will keep to his main theme and both he and his reader will benefit.

CHARLES LANDERY

GEORGICS

Journal of a Husbandman. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Way of a Countryman. By SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Among the many books about countryside affairs, these two are outstanding. One is a journal by a young man who, alarmed and disgusted by the present state of human society, left the sophistications in 1939 and invested his small capital in a derelict farm on the Devon-Cornish sea-coast, where he proposed to run a self-supporting community. Mr. Duncan failed with the community part of the experiment, as his journal records, but he found his own soul and his own muscular technique.

The second book is the ripe harvest of an old countryman also born into a cultured environment, but one that was rooted in the soil. He has therefore not had to come back to the land with surprise and rapture, and what disgust for society he may express is merely a matter-of-fact one, related always to something particular and specific. Sir William's knowledge of birds, trees, streams, dogs and wild creatures, farmers and hunting folk, squires and parsons, is one which has grown almost unconsciously throughout his long life, since the days when he was born in his father's rectory in the parish adjoining Little Gidding, in the heart of Puritan England.

Thus the essays in this collection have a serenity about them, and a range of curiosity and first-hand contact that will remind the reader of many eighteenth-century diarists, or of that delightful book *Small Talk at Wreyland*, by Cecil Torr. Such work is difficult to review, because it is the product of a natural and sincere character, whose capability to know what he is talking about is unquestionable. Even his prejudice is ripe and well set in the rest of his make-up, and can be accepted without undue resentment, except by hot-headed fools. Sir William has a tacit attitude toward enthusiasms, for he has been moulded in his early days by the same school that moulded Henry Nevinson; but both Englishmen overlooked the fact that they were first and last enthusiasts of a high order. And perhaps the greatest safety-valve for each of them was in his passion for a right use of his native language. The pleasure to be found from Sir William's prose is a sound and lasting one. He makes no strained effort after beauty. Indeed, he would scorn to do so, for he believes that "to achieve happiness by a succession of pleasures is like trying to keep up a light all night by striking successive matches." This infers that he knows and trusts the quiet patches of life, those incidents and stretches of time hardly to be distinguished from a gentle boredom, but which are in fact the seed-beds of all that is to flower most richly in recollection, and to bring a harvest of wisdom and affection.

By a much different and more precipitous route, two generations shorter, Mr. Duncan reaches convictions oddly like those of Sir William. His valuable but grim experiment has taught him to be convinced of the relationship between work and character, and how in union these two alone can make a world that will go on in spite of the chatter of politicians and the horrible threat of centralisation. Who that has had experience of the cold semi-efficiency of officialdom would not

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Company Meeting

IENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE

HE Annual General Meeting of the ends' Provident and Century Life Office held on June 7th in London. The Chair-n, Mr. Hugh E. Seebohm, J.P., said: he New Life Business exceeded two mil-, and 1943 was the best year in this ect since 1938. The Life premium income anced by £36,000, and reached £825,000. mortality experience continues to be ourable.

e have arranged to concentrate our ing Fund and Continuous Disability siness in the Century.

he interest income of the Friends' Pro-ent was exceptionally favourable for the t year. The increase of 13s. 2d. in the e earned, viz., £5 4s. 10d. per cent., was nly due to the bonus dividend received our important holding of the Shares of Century.

fter providing for taxation on profits, as been possible to transfer £40,000 to fit and Loss Account, while strengthen-the basis of valuation so that only 2½ cent. interest is assumed.

the General Departments the total of net profits transferred to Profit and s Account, namely, £65,000, was £4,000 than for 1942.

he Marine Account ran much more otly in the past year. The transfer to fit and Loss Account of £33,000 relates to s prior to 1941.

has been decided to revert to the pre-annual rate of dividend of £90,000, and addition to pay a bonus of £60,000, ing the total dividend for the year up £150,000.

has been gratifying to be able to pre-to you to-day a Report which is so rally favourable.

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

ACTIVE RESEARCH POLICY.

THE seventeenth ordinary general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held on 6th June, in London.

In a statement circulated with the accounts, the Right Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E. (the chairman) noted that the aggregate gross manufacturing and trading proceeds for 1942 were £105,000,000. £56,000,000 had been spent on raw materials and purchases for re-sale, maintenance of plants, freight charges, factory, sales and administration expenses, and £3,500,000 set aside for obsolescence and depreciation of plants. That left £45,500,000 as the net proceeds of manufacturing and trading activities. Adding the company's investment, property and miscellaneous income there was a total of £47,000,000. Wages, salaries, pensions and contributions to pension funds took £30,500,000 and £12,500,000 became due for taxation, leaving £4,000,000 available. Of that £3,000,000 was distributed as net dividends and £1,000,000 retained for addition to reserves.

They had always recognised that the progress of a company such as theirs depended to an outstanding degree on the steady pursuance of an active policy of research and development. During 1943 their expenditure in that connection was approximately £2,200,000, a figure they expected substantially to exceed during the current year. Their research organisation consisted of nearly 900 fully qualified chemists, physicists, biologists, engineers and other scientists, together with more than 1,000 skilled assistants. In addition they also maintained close and cordial relations with Government and University research organisations and with 24 Industrial Research Associations, to whose funds they contributed.

The Trade Unions had again co-operated with them in the settlement of the numerous problems which arose from the continuation of the war. He had to express his thanks for the helpful manner in which they collaborated. Collective bargaining, inspired by mutual trust, had solved all their difficulties. No major trade dispute had marred their work. The high sense of responsibility and breadth of co-operative understanding displayed by the great Trade Unions was a national asset which no man could measure.

Public attention had recently been focussed on great undertakings such as their company. Much of the criticism was ill-informed and political in origin. The word monopoly was widely used as a term of aspersion and the facile assumption was made that large industrial organisations and monopolistic malpractices were inseparable. His answer was that their company was an industrial organisation with 180,000 stockholders and 100,000 employees in its own home factories. Its primary interest was in its adventures in industry, carried on by that large human community of individuals associated together in an enterprise of world-wide benefit. Industrial continuity, progress and expansion, with continually rising standards for their employees, growing satisfaction to their customers and a reasonable return to the members of the company were more important to them than a maximisation of profit.

They were inferentially charged with maintaining high prices by restricting production. His reply was a pre-war falling price level for their products, the magnitude of their expenditure on research and development, all directed to an expansion of production and not to its restriction. In the first five post-war years they planned to spend many more millions on new works and extensions.

The report was adopted.

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER CO.

THE forty-fifth ordinary general meeting of Dunlop Rubber Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday, June 7, in London, Sir J. George Beharrell, D.S.O., the chairman, presiding.

The Chairman stated, inter alia:—The net profit for the year amounted to £2,765,797, compared with £2,433,307 for 1942. The provision for United Kingdom excess profits tax amounts to £869,000, which brings the total provision made in the parent company for U.K. excess profits tax up to December 31, 1943, to £5,163,000, and for the Dunlop group of companies to £7,440,000.

The transfer to taxation reserve out of profits has been increased from £700,000 to £944,000.

We have transferred £250,000 from the profits of the year and £250,000 from the reserve for contingencies to the special reserve for investments in and advances to subsidiary companies, which now amounts to £3,750,000.

The aggregate profits of the group for 1943 amounted to £5,384,000 against £4,472,000 last year.

The investments in subsidiary and associated companies in enemy and enemy-occupied countries are reduced from £4,138,000 to £3,829,000, an improvement of £309,000. This is after deducting the surplus funds of some of these companies deposited in England and the U.S.A. These funds increased during 1943 from £1,129,000 to £1,405,000. There is an increase of £643,000 in the total surplus and reserves of the group, which now amount to £8,546,000. The liquid resources of the group have further improved, the total amount in Government and other securities, tax reserve certificates, and bank balances being £7,215,000 compared with £6,427,000 last year.

The report and accounts were adopted.

agree with him, and agree passionately? His temper is a bit on edge sometimes, and he lets fly with some testy phrases at all the evils of socialisation, bankerdom, big business, which Ruskin and Tolstoy damned in advance, and our latter-day anarchists cry out against as they retreat into smaller and smaller holdings.

But Mr. Duncan has come to some profound conclusions about the relationship of the soil and our human spiritual life, as well as our economic one. He has found that "to hoe is to pray," and that:

> Farming is a discipline in itself. One which requires a submission, a constant and regular submission to the requirements of the cattle, the soil, the weather. It is all or nothing. And we would impose our own terms, bringing town-made or bookish ideas to the country, attempting to return to the land *on our own terms*. This will not work. If we are to farm, it must be on the land's terms. And what ideas or habits help to get the seed in *in time* are valid, those that hinder must be abandoned.

Further, the method and decisions adopted on the farm must be made on the farm, and not prescribed from a central office. The farmer cannot be dragooned.

> The error is to talk of people as units, a convenience of a State philosophy which industrially and insidiously seeks to erase personality, stamping registration numbers on the snouts of the people as if they were pigs ready for grading.

Thus Mr. Duncan's experiment has made him see the force of an element of mysticism in politics and government, as did the two prophets I have already mentioned, and also William Morris, all of whom have been pushed aside for so long by the statisticians, or what might be called the Scientific Socialists. But all that is in the field of argument. What is most interesting, and most original, is the author's activities in the more substantial fields of his bit of land, which he has brought out of chaos into fertility. As he says "a practical experiment is worth a ton of theory."

RICHARD CHURCH

NEW PAMPHLETS

Coal and Power. *Labour Party.*

The Labour Party's fuel policy. It proposes to place control and ownership of all the power industries in the hands of a National Corporation responsible to Parliament through a Minister of Coal and Power.

Full Employment. *Labour Party.*

Unemployment due to finance rather than industry. Key to full employment lies in maintenance of purchasing power. Strict control of capital issue and export, and of internal prices. No return to the Gold Standard. But international monetary agreements desirable. National Investment Board to develop domestic economy: International Development Board to assist backward areas. British exports must be increased by fifty per cent.

The International Labour Organisation. *Fabian Society.* 6*d*.

An admirable short guide to the constitution and work of the I.L.O.

Allied Peace Aims. *National Peace Council.* 6*d*.

The text of the Atlantic Charter; the Moscow, Cairo and Teheran Declarations; and some miscellaneous documents such as the U.N.R.R.A. Constitution, the Anglo-Soviet and Soviet-Czech Treaties.

Making Germany Pay. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. *National Peace Council.* 4*d*.

A brief discussion of the desirability and possibility of reparations.

Family Allowances and Social Security. By LADY RHYS-WILLIAMS. *Liberal Publication Department.* 4*d*.

A novel alternative to Beveridge which integrates social insurance with a simplified income-tax.

The Cost of Social Security. *Social Security League.* 3*d*.

A reprint of a broadcast dialogue between Nicholas Kaldor and a serviceman, in which Kaldor shows how baseless is the "we can't afford Beveridge" argument. The pamphlet is both thorough and simple.

The Truth About Greece. *Greek Unity Committee.* 6*d*.

A study of the background of the recent Greek crisis by the E.A.M. supporters. Written before the recent Unity Conference in the Lebanon.

SHORTER NOTICE

The Royal Marines. (Prepared for the Admiralty by the Ministry of Information). By COMMANDER EDGAR P. YOUNG, R.N., 28 Gloucester Place, London, W.1. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 9*d*.

To compress into eighty small pages a most readable history of the Royal Marines, a clear and comprehensive description of their organisation and multifarious functions, and a lively description of some of their more outstanding achievements during the present war, is a task which would have seemed impossible, had it not been accomplished. The success is worthy of the subject—and in keepi with the Royal Marines' tradition, that "Nothi is impossible." What is surprising is that space h nevertheless been found for some excellent stori such as that of the Marine Band of *H.M.S. Penelo* which provided musical accompaniment for the unlo ing the cargo of precious tinned food from a sunk merchant ship in Malta harbour, and which, wh the working party faltered as a Stuka flew over the low, "greeted it with a ghastly discord, and the struck up '*Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go!*' The war narrative begs several questions—but, necessity, makes no attempt to answer them. So of these might well be asked, however, elsewher We are told, for instance, that it was decided, October, 1939, to form a Royal Marine Brigade, "an amphibious unit at the disposal of the Jo Chiefs of Staff Sub-Committee," and that after Du kirk it was one of the few "nearly equipped" form tions of its size ready to defend the English coast a therefore could not be used as intended. Th Brigade was subsequently expanded int a Divisio and it would seem that at any rate since June 1941, the conditions precluding its use for offensiv operations have been removed. Why, then, w no adequate use made of them, it would seem, unti the landing in Sicily? Or again, in relation to th loss of Crete for lack of airfields, why was advanta not taken sooner of the fact that the Marine Corp contained a large body of specially trained men every way equipped "to provide the Fleet with base in any part of the world within a week, and t defend it when prepared?"

Week-end Competitions

No. 749

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes for the best description (not more than 250 words) of a visit to a Palace Inventions after the war. Entries should be receiv by Monday, June 19th.

SPECIAL COMPETITION.

Set by Raymond Mortimer

In North Africa I heard regrets that the time-limi prevents entries from overseas. Here, therefore is competition reserved for entrants abroad: prizes four guineas are offered for the best three clerihe on the titles of books. Competitors may send many as they like, and entries (marked A) must b received by November 1st.

Personal

HOME offered temporarily child, 2–3 years, on farm with own children, 30s. p.w. Reynolds, Beckerings Park, Lidlington, Bedford.

CAMB. grad. sks. resdl. nurs. sch. fr. sons, 4½ yrs. and 21 mo. Box A65.

SUMMER hols. Children welc. at Odam Hill Children's Farm, see "Schools" column.

WANTED good working-class foster-homes for boys 2 to 9 years. Home Counties only. Maintenance guaranteed. Box 6096, A.K. Advg., 212a Shaftesbury Ave., W.C.2.

INVADE the Fields—Bring in the Victory Harvest at Youth Camps, Surrey, Huntingdon. Enjoy hols. in atmos. internat. friendship. Com. July 1 (not under 17 yrs.). Details: International Youth Council, 30 Pont St., S.W.1.

YOUNG singer (male) sks. another artist for giving recitals. Box E2929.

RUSSIAN lessons, Kensington. Lesson, songs, conversation. Tues. Fri., 7.45 p.m. Ptcs. Alexis Chesnakov, 24A Cathcart Rd., S.W.10.

NATIVE Italian teacher gives lessons. Box E2025.

SPANISH lady, diplômée, grammar, conversation. Box A84.

FRENCH and German lessons. Personally or by corresp. Mod. terms. Box 2503.

RUSSIAN lessons. Scientific and other translations from and into Russian. Publishers' and other references. Box 4911.

U.S.S.R. Books in Russian and English; subscription lending library. For term; apply Librarian, Society for Cultural Relations with U.S.S.R., 98 Gower St., London, W.C.1.

SECULAR Education League, 43 Chandos House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Send postcard for objects and literature.

BURNT, torn and moth-eaten garments (except Knitwear) Invisibly Mended in two weeks. Send or call. Mark clearly damages to be mended. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 73 New Bond St., W.1.

PIANISTS—VIOLINISTS. Rapid Fingering. Flexible Wrists. Octave Playing made easy (pianists). Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk., "Finger Magic" (2½*d*. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 59 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

Personal—continued

HOLIDAYS. Two college girls, willing take children, 8–10, in their Surrey watermill. Mid-August. Three *guineas* p.w. incl. Macgregor, 7 St. Peter's Sq., W.6.

PAINTING studio, St. John's Wood. Available daily, approximately 9–6.30. Some week-ends. Arrangements for mutual convenience. Box A77.

YOUNG woman Civil Servant seeks another share quiet comfortable flat, Queen's Gate. Box E2905.

GRAMMAR Schoolmaster (B.Sc., Lond.) undertakes coaching now and summer holidays. Priory View, Offley Rd., Hitchin.

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PREPARATION for Exams. Cambridge Prizeman, writer, lecturer, experienced, all usual subjects, moderate. Gilbert, 30 Coleherne Rd., Earl's Court.

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BALLROOM dancing, private lessons. Adie Bryer, Buckingham House, N.4. Sta. 5310.

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DOUGLAS Glass, specialist in child photography, is now at 20 Abingdon Villas, W.8. Country visits arranged. Western 2336.

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Personal—continued

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NEW Publication: "Stalingrad Diary," by Erich Weinert (President, Free Germany Nat. Com.). Preface by John Dugdale, M.P. 1*s*. From booksellers or I.N.G. Publications, Ltd., 9 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Hol. 3851.

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POLYTECHNIC, Regent St., W.1, School of Commerce. Evening School prepares students for profes. exams. in banking, accountancy & secl. wk.; Inter. B.Com. & Inter. & Fin. B.Sc. (Econ.), Lond.; Diploma in Public Admin., Lond.; Univ. Extension Diploma in Econs.; Diploma of Inst. of Indust. Admin. Day School offers one- or two-year full-time and spec. arranged pt.-time) course for students over 16. New term: Day, Sept. 18th. Evening School, Sept. 25th. Enrolment for evening classes, Sept. 18th to 20th, 6–8 p.m. Details Director of Educ.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 746

Set By Roger Marvell

Prizes amounting to four guineas are offered for an extract of 24 lines from a poem in the style of Ingoldsby Legends about police interference in the middle of a fake spiritualist seance.

Report By Roger Marvell

"The Lay of the Old Woman clothed in Butter Muslin—A Legend of Hampshire" was the excellent title chosen by R. J. P. Hewison, but like many competitors he sacrificed ease to ingenuity, whereas the Ingoldsby Legends run most trippingly. Mrs. Waterhouse, H. M. Addison and E. W. Fordham were among the few to imitate Barham's masterly use of the eerie. C. R. D. Walker, Charles G. Box, M.C., J. W. Hurford, Charles E. Connor, E. W. Fordham, J. Taylor and Constance Seweil all caught the right tone, but failed to maintain it. I. C. Saul's verses were a model of neatness but I have, perhaps unfairly, rejected them because they are not in Barham's most characteristic style. I recommend that the first prize of two guineas go to Pibwob, and the rest of the prize money be divided between H. M. Baker, Allan M. Laing and Leslie Johnson.

FIRST PRIZE

MADAM SLUDGE GETS COPPED

But just at the great psychological moment
When the medium and others who were in the know meant
The spook and its eerie allies to seem to materialise,
(Some claimed that they had, but you know how hysteria lies),
The door is burst open with force, and displays
A Sergeant and Constable—not the R.A.'s,
But uniformed Peelers, the kind that nab stealers
And incapable drunks and black-market dealers,
On evidence gained through detection or squealers.

Then somebody screamed, and somebody swore
At the sight of authority framed in the door,
For of course with a twitch, they had turned on the switch.
The result, like the light, was electrical, which
Effectively queered the fake medium's pitch.
She was standing released from the cords which had bound her,
With all sorts of gadgets upon her and round her,
To help in her job of engendering hosts
Of spectres and phantoms and spirits and ghosts,
And throwing of cushions and ringing of bells
As the visible, audible work of her spells.

Though several protested, and even suggested
It was quite *ultra vires* their being arrested,
They went from the séance in custody, by a
Vehicle commonly called Black Maria.

PIBWOB

The medium sat on a Windsor chair,
Some clergy and laity all were there,
Not forgetting a man who was wielding a pen,
And who said he had come from the N.S. and N.

The audience having paid up in advance,
The medium promptly went off in a trance.

When a spirit, who seemed to have strayed from Zenana,
Invited a Bishop to have a banana,
His lordship cried "Peace! this discourse must now cease,
"The voice is undoubtedly that of my niece,
"Who deserted her aunt, and her old Uncle Harry,
"And threw in her lot with a bold Mission-ary."

But when there appeared on the scene, through a screen.
A figure in white, that was not over-clean,
The Bishop's wife sobbed that she couldn't endure it,
It wasn't her niece, but it might be the curate,
Whose privy conspiracy, doctrine and schism
Had forced the poor Bishop at last to dismiss him.

The Reporter then rose, and said he would propose
They adjourn for a "quick one" before the pubs close,
But alas! to their sorrow and bitter distress,
A man then appeared, clad in full evening dress;
The lights all went up, he produced an old card,
And marched the whole lot off to New Scotland Yard.

H. M. BAKER

THE INTERRUPTED SEANCE

The lights were turned low: you could not see a thing,
But a dozen faint faces joined up in a ring.
Then a stout sort of wench who was known as the medium
Fell into a trance to enliven the tedium;
In a strong Cockney accent she started to rave
In the person, I'm told, of an Indian brave.
But hardly had he, the said Watabeegee,
Begun to describe what he said he could see,
When in at the door burst a posse of slops;
An inspector, a sergeant, and six simple cops.
Said the sergeant: "What is this 'ere? Turn on the light!'.
And the circle broke up in a terrible fright.

The medium only, by some happy chance,
Was spared the rude shock; she was still in a trance;
And though the inspector, no person respecter,
Of shamming and fraud was inclined to suspect her,
She wouldn't wake up, though quite coarsely he codded her,
Nor stirred when he went even further, and prodded her.

So they lifted her bodily off her big chair
And what do you think they found under her there?
Some quite small tinkly spoons; phosphorescent balloons;
And a queer sort of harp for the faking of tunes.
Here the medium woke up and arose from her hams
With an eloquent "Bl——dy!" and two distinct "D—mns" . . .

ALLAN M. LAING

EXTRACT

In rushed a posse of police, wearing uniform,
On went the lights, and if anyone's puny form
Got in the way,
He was *bouleversé*
(I steal now and then an expression from France),
No spectre was given the ghost of a chance,
For a stalwart P.C. rushed at once to the cabinet,
Pulled in a twinkling the curtains of a shabby net
Down to the ground,
And thereupon found
The medium guzzlin'
A few yards of muslin,
Holding behind her two slates with false backs,
Some phosphorus paint and an arm made of wax,
While, neatly suspended, there dangled above,
A wig, a guitar and a well-padded glove.
The poor woman grew, as was natural, testier,
Seeing exposed her *arcana caelestia*,
But just as our sapient limb of the law,
Somewhat presuming on all that he saw,
Said, "Of fraud I convict you,"
Horribile dictu,
He vanished from sight through a hole in the floor,
Having quite failed to notice an artful trapdoor.

LESLIE JOHNSON

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